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AN AERIAL VOYAGE.

Searching for Andrea --- To the North Pole in a Balloon --- Wild Adventures in the Frozen North.

By M. J. ROY,

Author of "Closed at Sixty-Four," "Old Fort Dearborn," Etc.

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CHAPTER I.

THE CONFESSION.

"Are you really determined to go on such a dangerous expedition?"

"I have volunteered to do so, and it is too late now to back out, Lydia." It was late on a sunny afternoon about the middle of March in the year 1899. The winter had been severe, but on this day the weather seemed to promise an early spring, a promise which was not fulfilled. The speakers were a young man of twenty-three and a maiden of eighteen. She was very pretty in her fur jacket, her great dark eyes, adorning a sweet face which peeped out from a fur collarette, while her small hands were stuffed into her muff.

It was a sweet, roguish face, which had never been tormented with care enough to place a single wrinkle on the forehead.

He was tall, brave and manly, with deep, blue eyes and auburn hair. His countenance was open and honest.

Turning upon him a look of amazement, she asked:

"Tom Allen, are you mad?"

"I hope not," he answered.

"Then why talk of such nonsense; going in search of a man who has surely been dead for months? Going to the North Pole, where no one ever was, no one ever can be, and no one ever will be."

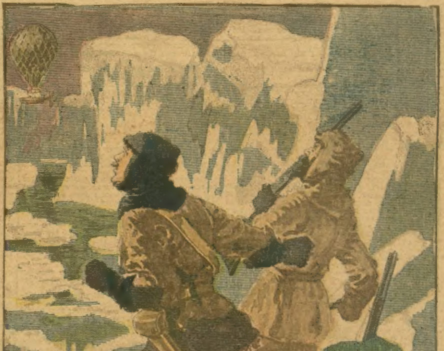
"Lydia, I will not argue that with you. Once the same thing was said of this continent. No one ever thought it would be discovered. There is no reason why other unknown regions may not be discovered. But we go at the call of humanity. Professor Thorson, who has charge of this expedition, is not only the most skiled aeronaut living, but a great explorer in the polar world. He conceived the scheme of sailing in a balloon from Spitzbergen years before. Andrae, he says, made a serious blunder when he started, and nearly wrecked his balloon while going over a precipice before he was out of sight of the people who were watching him. Our voyage will be perilous, yet we will succeeed. I have already enlisted in the enterprise, Lydia, and it is useless to talk more of my not doing so. I leave tonight for New York, where a fast vessel awaits to bear us to Stockholm, from there another will convey us to Spitzbergen. We hope to start upon our aerial voyage about June or July."

"Are you really going?"

"Yes."

They had been walking slowly down the street, from which the snow had been shoveled, and at this stage of the conversation had reached the iron gate in front of Lydia Miller's pretty little home. Her face was almost ashen white, and she had hardly dared risk her voice.

The hour was late. The sun which had all day been melting the snow from housetops and hills, was now dipping below the horison and the evening twilight lingered not far distant in the east.



Then they saw the balloon suddenly rise and soar away.

"I wanted to say something to you, Lydia, but cannot here. I leave on the midnight train. Let us go into the house." When they had entered the warm little parlor, and she had removed her wraps, he thought he had never seen a being so lovely. He caught her in his arms and held her one blissful moment, while he found time to whisper:

"Oh, Lydia, I love you! Love you more than all the world. I am going away now to leave you perhaps forever. Oh, Lydia, if you love me even in the least, won't you say so in this awful moment, when I am about to leave you, may be forever?"

"Tom, why do you go?" she sighed.

"I am pledged to go. I promised the sister of that unfortunate man I would; I will never break my promise. Do you love me? Say yes, oh, Lydia, I implore you to say yes!"

"Yes," she answered.

Oh, how wildly he clasped her to his breast and rained mad kisses on her lips. When he had somewhat recovered he sat by her side and told her that after a few months, famous for his discoveries and generosity, he would make her his wife. He bade her put her trust in heaven and wait his return.

The parting we will not describe. He paused one moment to whisper a warning against one person, that person his rival, Silas Pohlman.

"It is not because he was my rival, Lydia, but because he is an unscrupulous man, I know. His revenge will take any form of malignancy. Keep him at a distance."

She promised, and after an affectionate leave taking, he went home and prepared for one of the most terrible journeys man ever undertook.

Lydia was happy and sad. The man she loved with all her young trusting heart had gone away and she could not believe she would ever see him again.

Next evening, in answer to the door bell, a young man of twenxy-five or six was admitted to the parlor to see Miss Miller.

On entering, Lydia was amazed to find it the dark-eyed, red-faced rival of her affianced. His features indicated hate, selfishness, and treachery. Never had he seemed so hateful as when he told her that he had learned that Tommy Allen was going off on some wild goose chase to find Andrae, the lost explorer. It was to be deplored that Tommy was so foolish and rash, for though a little romantic, he was not a bad fellow. He thought the chances of his return rather slim. She sat in silence until he began to tell her how he loved her, and then she stopped him. "Mr. Pohlman, I do not care to listen to you."

"Do you mean you belong to another?"

"You have no right to ask."

"I need not ask. I see how it is myself. You are engaged to the young adventurer who has gone to meet the professor in New York, from whence they sail to Stockholm."

She became highly indignant and left the room.

There was a dangerous light in Pohlman's eyes, and a significant grin on his face. He arose slowly and looking about the parlor, finding no one to say good night to, left without saying good night to anyone.

"I will see that that fool never returns," declared Pohlman, as he hastened away. "He loves adventure, so do I. He is not more daring than I, and will not take greater risks, so I will prove to him."

Three days after Tommy had been in New York the professor entered one day, and told him he had secured another member to their band of explorers.

"Who?" asked Tommy.

He could not tell exactly, for the professor, being a foreigner, had a very poor memory for American names, but the new recruit would be on shipboard when they sailed.

Two others joined them, one a German named Brenz and the other an Englishman named Dole.

The vessel was far out to sea when Alen learned that one of the men of the expedition was confined to his cabin from sea sickness.

He met Brenz and Dole, and they soon became very intimate. They were both strong, bold men, daring, and willing to take any risk.

Tom Allen and Dole were one day standing on the stern deck gazing back toward the new world they were leaving, when Dole said:

"We are now embarking on an enterprise which will bring us fame or death."

"Yes, Mr. Dole," Tommy answered, with a sigh. "No one has ever done what we propose to do and lived. I sometimes doubt if any one will. Often I have asked myself if the north pole should ever be found, would it not be surrounded by a pyramid of human skeletons who had lost their lives in their endeavors to find it."

"I have thought so, too, Mr. Allen. Now, there is something more than love of adventure that brings you on this expedition."

"There is."

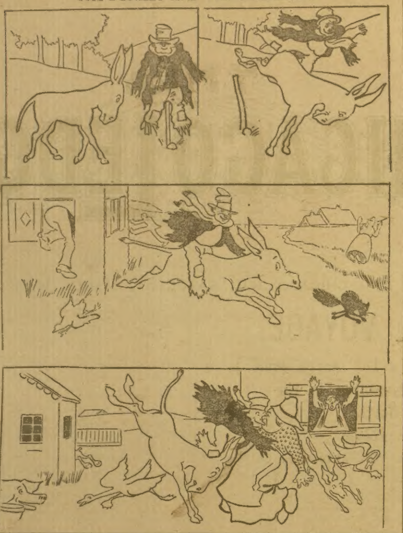
"What?"

"A promise. I met a few months ago the sister of one of the two men who went in the balloon with Andrae in search of the pole. She was so distressed at the loss of her brother, that in a sudden impulse I promised her that I Iwould go to his rescue. She believes that he is on some island or iceberg still alive. It was a strange promise, but I made it, and my word once given can never be retracted. But, Mr. Dole, what brings you on this journey?"

Mr. Dole sighed and answered:

"I am a miserable, a desperate man. My life I regard as a failure. I never aspired to anything that circumstances were not against me. I have gained many things which would have delighted others, but which I did not want. I won't have what I

THE DONKEY AND THE SCARECROW.



don't want, and can't get what I do want. I could have wed a wealthy lady, but did not want her. I loved a poor country girl but could not get her. While in this miserable condition, and believing that every one's hand was against me, and meditating on taking my own life, I learned of this excellent little organization for the relief of would-be suicides, and joined it."

Brenz was a German who had been as far north of Spitzbergen as any man dared go. To him the voyage was not much of a novelty, save that it was to be made in a novel way.

They reached Stockholm and the good ship went into dock, when the companion who had been sick all through the voyage, came on deck.

Tom Allen glanced at him and exclaimed: "Si Pohlman, are you here? Where did you come from?"

Pohlman gave him a sneering smile and said:

"Yes, I am one of your polar expedition. I hope you don't object to my company?"

Tommy could make no answer, though deep down in his heart he wished Pohlman had stayed at home. His heart misgave him; he believed the fellow meant mischief.

When they went aboard the vessel for Spitzbergen, from whence the balloon was to be sent on its flight, young Allen hoped his rival would become faint-hearted and turn back; but no, he seemed to have been suddenly seized with a resolution as determined as his own.

"Well, let him go," thought Tommy. "I will keep an eye on him, and he shall not be able to do me any harm." He knew that Silas did not like him, knew that he was desperately in love with Lydia Miller, but he had never known him to be guilty of trenchery. Consequently, he little dreamed the real purpose that caused him to ship on the expedition.

The party reached the largest of the Spitzbergen group, where a ship had landed some weeks before, with the great balloon in which Professor Thorson was to make his wonderful voyage.

There were tents and huts and workmen, giving to that bleak and desolate island a look of animation, by no means common to it. The great balloon, which, when lying flattened out, covered acres of ground, had beneath a car arranged in a boat shape. It also had a peculiar looking steering gear by which it could be steered to some extent.

"I have studied these air currents in this part of the world," said the professor, "and there can be no question that at this season of the year the wind will take us across to either to Greenland or some place in Alaska. We have little to fear, for there are no storms, and it is not too intensely cold for us. We shall take provisions enough for a year, and we will yet know something of the lost Andrae before we return."

The great balloon was inflated and seemed an immense cloud hovering over them. It really darkened the sun when it was spread out to its full extent, and it required the stoutest ropes and cables to hold the monster down.

It was a week after their arrival before the great balloon was ready for the aerial voyage. The car was fur-lined. There was a little cabin at the stern, and a large store of provisions. The professor had numerous mathematical apparatus, and was prepared for an exploration through the air.

The fact that only a short time before Professor Andrae had made the effort and failed, made no difference to him.

There were many hundred people gathered around the spot, the day was propitious, and everything seemed favorable. The professor himself superintended the manufacture of the gas for the powerful balloon. He had apparatus on board sufficient to manufacture gas for a voyage around the earth, could they have a fair wind.

He commenced filling the balloon about twelve o'clock. The gas was made rapidly and the noble "American"—the name given the balloon—filled out in beautiful rounded proportions, and was ready for her voyage to the unknown. At five in the afternoon the inflation was completed, and young Allen saw the globe rounded to the equator with the pure hydrogen it contained, and felt more certain that their excursion in the interest of humanity would be a success.

"Take your places in the car," said the aeronaut, and Tommy Allen was first to spring in. He was followed by Si Pohlman, Brenz and Dole. Then the professor leaped in, and with one hand on the escape throttle, cried:

"Let go all!" and away they soared.

A loud cheer burst from the crowd at the grand, novel sight, but in an instant all minor sounds of earth were lost, and they were lifted into a silent ocean of ether, whose shores were without an echo, their stillness equaled only by the grove.

CHAPTER II.

THE QUARREL.

As they rose into the light, fleecy clouds, they looked beneath them and saw the earth striped as with patches of snow lying on the landscape in spring time; but when they rose a little higher the clouds completely shut out the earth, and the cold white masses below them had precisely the same look that a mountainous, snow-covered country does as one looks down upon it from a higher mountain. Those who have crossed the Alps by the Symplon Pass, have stood on the lofty tops of the Sierra Nevadas, or those terrible passes that bar the way to the Klondike, and gazed down upon the eternal snows below and around them, can have some idea of the scene which presented itself to our aeriel voyagers.

In six minutes they were above the clouds and face to face with the sun, that sun which never sets at that season of the year in this country. In eight minutes the thermometer had fallen twenty-four degrees, the balloon rotating a good deal, showing the rapidity with which it was ascending.

Every man had put on his bearskin coat and gloves, for the cold was severe.

At five-forty-eight, the thermometer was below freezing and falling fast, and the atmosphere so light that they found difficulty in breathing. At this point the professor produced some cotton which he had brought with him, and advised them to fill their ears. The unpleasant ringing sensation in their ears had now become painful, and each filled both his ears. This made the head feel a good deal like a very large hollow pumpkin, with a humming bird buzzing upon its surface, a comparison with which doubtless none of my readers will quarrel.

At five-fifty-two the wet sand bags of ballast were frozen and stiff. They were still ascending rapidly as if they were going straight to the sun. Thirty minutes later Tommy again looked at the thermometer and saw it was still falling. He looked down below and through a broken rift in the clouds saw the earth.

It was land, evidently one of the Spitzbergen group. Then by aid of his field glass he saw in the distance water and mountains of ice.

They had been up an hour when the professor directed some one to throw over fifty pounds of ballast.

"Chuck it overboard, bag and all," said the professor. "There is no danger of it falling on anybody's head, for there is no one for it to fall upon, unless it should be a walrus or polar bear."

When the ballast was thrown over they shot up again, and whisked off in a northeast direction. The professor estimated they were going at a greater rate than one hundred miles per hour.

Tommy's feet were very cold, though he tucked them in the fur robes in the bottom of the car. The "America" was now full, and presented a most splendid sight. The gas began to discharge itself at the mouth and its abomnable smell as it came down upon them, made them sick.

At ten o'clock the thermometer showed thirty below, and they were swept along with a fury that almost took their breath away.

It was so cold that Tommy, who was the historian of the expedition, could make no more memoranda. They divided themselves into watches, and while three huddled under the furs and slept, two were awake.

The professor had instructed the others in the management of the balloon, so there was not one who could not handle it with skill.

Tommy awoke after several hours and found the professor looking through a pair of powerful field glasses. He rose and saw they were skimming along over a country composed of land and water.

He saw below him huge icebergs with great chasms in their peaks. Though they were two thousand feet high, some of the ice peaks almost scraped the bottom of the car.

Then they glided over the water into a valley. There were trees such as grow in the extreme northern countries, and they even saw animals moving about. At first they could not make out the white specks, but eventually they were polar bears.

The face of the professor wore a troubled look.

Tommy asked him what was amiss.

"We are not going in the course I had calculated upon," he said. "We are sailing northeast, when I had counted on a current northwest, nor can I steer against this air stream."

"Perhaps we are above or below that current," suggested Tommy.

"No, I have tested the height of all the currents but find that none go in the direction I wish. By that course we would cross the pole, and reach Alaska, and it should not take so many days to do it, either."

The professor was such a perfect master of the balloon, that he could lower or raise it. By a rubber pipe and funnel connected with the balloon, he could manufacture the gas in the car and replenish at any time he chose.

Tommy urged him to sleep, but he was all anxiety and could not. Still he watched those unknown hills, shores and mountains, so bleak and desolate and murmured, "Give us a fair wind and the mysteries of the polar world will be solved."

The balloon did not seem to be moving with such wonderful velocity as it had before.

There was some discussion as to touching at one of the many islands, but the professor decided to remain up a few hours longer, though he knew there would be no trouble about reinflating the balloon, if they did go to the ground.

Sulky, silent, and with menacing eyes, through that awful voyage Si Pohlman sat. The professor was induced to lie down and sleep and only the rivals were left on the watch.

"You called on Lydia Miller the night before you left, didn't you?" asked Silas, with a fiendish sneer on his face.

In an instant the cheek of the young explorer flushed red, and he answered:

"I don't know that it concerns you."

"Oh, come, my lad, don't get huffy; can't you give a friend a civil answer?"

"When I have a friend he will receive none other from me."

"Now, Tommy, don't treat me so. You have been crusty with me ever since we left home."

"Your conduct has been suspicious."

"Suspicious of what?"

"Of villainy, the deepest, darkest villainy one can conceive of."

"Oh, nonsense, you are going crazy!"

"Silas, why did you come at all? You are no student of science."

"You are no judge of my conduct."

"Why did you stay in your state room until we arrived at Stockholm?"

"I was sea sick."

"Nonsense! You have had your sea legs sooner on other voyages."

"But this voyage was more severe than others."

"That story is not probable; we touched at different points and yet you were too cowardly to show your face until we were ready to start for the uncivilized portions of the world."

"Beware how you call me a coward!" cried Si Pohlman through his teeth.

"I know you are a craven and dangerous, too," said Tommy, "you would like nothing better than to murder me beyond reach of the law, but I will keep an eye on you, and see that you do not harm any one."

"Oh, now, Tommy, my dear friend, don't suppose that I will do anything of that kind."

"It is useless to add sarcasm, Silas; I know you."

"And I know you. You took undue advantage of me and won Lydia Miller, who should have been my wife instead of yours."

"It is false!"

"Be careful how you dispute my word."

"Contemptible coward, you know I am not afraid of you."

"Come, come, Tommy, you and I need not quarrel. We are good friends, we are engaged in a hazardous enterprise, and need each other's support instead of ill will. Come, let us be friends."

Tommy made no answer. After a few moments he said:

"There, Tommy, now let us be friends. Tommy, won't you look over and see how near we are to the earth? Look, I implore you."

"No! Do you think me so foolish as to look over the side of this car and give you a chance to tip me overboard?"

"Oh, you would not think me guilty of such a cowardly act!"

"Silas Pohlman, you would be guilty of any despicable thing."

"You are so unreasonable that I will not talk to you," said Silas.

Then Silas drew his fur robes about him closer and pretended to sleep.

The sun was shining with that eternal, cold glitter to be seen and felt nowhere save in the extreme north. Tommy knew the scoundrel was not asleep. Knew that he was lying waiting and planning to get some advantage over him, and that when he did gain such an advantage he would use it.

Tommy knew that he had followed him to the frozen north for that purpose.

Fortunately the other members of the party were too sound asleep to hear a word of the quarrel. Tommy was on the alert, and at the same time his mind was busy planning to frustrate the man who had designs on his life.

He put his revolver in the outside pocket of his great bearskin coat and kept his thumb on the lock, ready to shoot in the event that his enemy made a move; for he knew that no chance must be given such an enemy.

CHAPTER III.

A VILLAINOUS DESERTION.

The professor slept several hours, and when he awoke found the balloon gently floating over a valley which seemed surrounded by mountains and icebergs.

"Boys, I think we had as well light here," he said. "There are trees, and we can find wood to make a fire."

Dole, who was looking across one of the valleys, declared he saw a smoke, and was certain it was a camp fire.

The professor allowed the balloon to float until near the spot from which the smoke was ascending and then gently permitted the gas to escape and let the great balloon sink to the earth. It settled down easily on the ground until it rested level, and the party, chilled and cold, rose to their feet. They were stiff and sore from their long, cold ride in their cramped quarters.

There was a heap of drift wood lying on the shore near by, containing logs of fur and pine, and they gathered some and built a fire. Then they spread a tent of reindeer skins, after which the professor made a calculation of their present position. He was quite sure they must be between the 71st and 82nd degrees north latitude.

When they were warmed Tommy and the professor took a stroll about the vicinity of their camp to explore the region and learn if there was any clew of the missing Andrae.

The shore was lofty, rugged and barren, rising close to the water's edge into tremendous precipices and lofty mountains, crowned with inaccessible cliffs, which might be discerned from the seat at the distance of a hundred miles. All the mountains and hills, except where the rocks were smooth and perpendicular, were covered with eternal ice and snow, which had accumulated, particularly on elevated flats, entirely filling some of the valleys. The snow and ice seemed to have been increasing for years.

Those rocks on which the snow could not lie, appeared at a distance of a dusky gray

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SMALL DOSES

LARGE RESULTS

color, and without any sign of vegetation; but upon a nearer inspection they found them streaked with numerous vines of colored stone, with here and there a little earth, which afforded a scanty nourishment to some hardy species of heather.

The valley in which they had alighted contained small brooks and ponds which was overgrown with low brushwood. The whole coast, so far as they could see, was indented with deep bays or fiords, which penetrated a great distance into the land, and was sprinkled with innumerable islands of the most fantastic shapes.

While wandering along the shores of one of these fiords, Tommy, suddenly pointing to a vast glare of ice, cried:

"Look, look at that wonderful bridge!"

The professor turned his eyes in the direction indicated by Tommy's finger and saw the most wonderful sight his eyes ever beheld.

It was a great lofty sheet of ice, which cast by its reflection a brightness over the sky, similar to the northern lights. The mouth of an adjoining bay was blocked up by ice, driven out by the ebb tides, and so wonderfully piled up by the waves, that the space between the islands was completely vaulted over, and the whole presenting the sublime spectacle of a stupendous bridge of ice eighteen miles in length and nearly five miles in breadth. Under this stupendous arch the tides rushed in and out, and the arch was so high that the tallest masted ship could have passed under it.

They returned to the camp and told their companions of the wonderful discovery and the professor declared it an Ice Blink. Next day they went near enough to it to examine it, and so strong was the vast mass of ice that they decided one could cross to the other side.

"There is the smoke which you saw, Professor," said Tommy, as they were returning, pointing across the bay which the Ice Blink spanned. A thin column of pale blue smoke was seen slowly ascending into the sky, seeming to come from some shrubs beyond. "What is it?" asked the Englishman; "a geyser?"

"No, the smoke is not white enough for a geyser. That is darker."

"It must be from a fire."

"It is Andrae's party. They have camped there, and we shall rescue them yet," declared Tommy, enthusiastically.

"It does have the appearance of a camp," said the professor, who with his field glasses applied to his eyes, was looking intently at the mysterious cloud of smoke.

Brenz made the suggestion that there was danger of it being frost smoke, but the professor thought it too dark.

"At any rate we must investigate that at an early date."

They returned to the camp to find it in the possession of a large ferocious polar bear. Fortunately they had brought their Winchester rifles with them and opened fire at a fair range and the bear fell.

"Very good," said the professor, "we have food brought to our very door."

The bear was skinned and steaks broiled on the coals. The party sat down to an excellent supper of bear meat. There was an abundance of walrus in the sea, and they had no fears of starvation.

The professor was very hopeful and enthusiastic.

"We will get a current yet, which will sweep us directly over the pole; but first we must bring Andrae and his party over here."

Then they fell to discussing how they should proceed. They first thought of going over in a body on the bridge or Ice Blink, but the recent adventure with the polar bear was sufficient for them to decide on the necessity of leaving a guard at the camp. At any time a polar bear or some animal might come to the camp and destroy all their supplies or apparatus. The professor very jealously guarded his apparatus and the balloon, an injury to which might be ruin.

"I don't think it is necessary for more than two to cross the Blink," he said. "It will leave a portion of us here if those should be lost."

"Could we cross the Bay in the balloon?" asked Dole.

"Not with this current."

"I will be one to volunteer to cross the ice bridge," said Tommy.

There was a momentary silence and then Brenz, the German, said:

"I, for another, will go."

Two volunteers were all that was necessary.

Si Pohlman was sitting with his back toward them. He was smoking a short pipe, and a devilish look came over his face.

When others slept that night, he was busy.

The most devilish scheme that ever entered a human mind entered the brain of this villain.

Among other articles brought with the party was a quantity of dynamite. Some of this he carefully took away from the car of the balloon with three fuses.

"I can easily carry enough to blow up the Ice Blink when they have crossed," he chuckled, "and her dear Tommy will be left on the other side to wander at will in the unknown polar regions. He will never get back."

Si was not only an unprincipaled villain, but was daring as well.

He placed the high explosives under a large stone in a sort of niche where they would be safe until wanted. With them there was stout cord by which they could be lowered into the small chasms of the Ice Blink.

While his companions slept Silas lay awake planning a diabolical plot.

No feeling of remorse came over him. He was beyond that. Some men can do acts of injustice and their consciences are so seared and calloused that they are lost to remorse.

When day dawned—in fact there was no dawn to it; it was continual light, though there was a demarkation between day and night—they all rose and prepared an early breakfast.

With their rifles, revolvers and ammunition, and an abundance of food to last, they started.

They carried in addition to their other burden a pair of blankets, indispensible to a polar explorer.

The great Ice Blink seemed the connecting link between two continents or worlds. It required more than ordinary courage to venture across that vast ice bridge.

They went slowly up the great sloping span or apron of the bridge. The ice was piled and packed in fantastic shapes in places, while for a mile or two they found the way smooth.

"We must be out over the bay now," said Tommy, as they clambered over the heaps of ice to a smoother plain.

The German thought they were.

Looking back, they once saw a black object a mile or two in their rear.

It was thought to be one of their companions, but while trying to make it out, it disappeared, and they concluded it must have been some wild animal, and pressed on. It was many hours before they were over the great Ice Blink and once more on land.

Tommy thought that thirty-six hours had been consumed in the journey. They were now in a country somewhat similar to the other side. If anything it was more wild, more fantastic and terrible. It looked as if the foot of man had never before trod upon it.

"Where is the smoke we saw?" asked Tommy, fearing it was a delusion.

Suddenly there came a crashing roar that shook land and sea. They turned toward the ice bridge and saw a great upheaval of ice, and the whole Ice Blink went down with a tremendous crash. The bridge was gone and they were cut off from their companions.

For a week they wandered in despair up and down the banks of the bay unable to [illegible]

Then they saw the ballon suddenly rise and soar away, abandoning the two unfortunate explorers to their fate.

This remarkable story of exploration and adventure will be finished in next week's Ledger. We make a very liberal offer of free cameras and patterns to subscribers on pages thirteen and fifteen.

As Was Fitting.

Everybody who attended the World's fair in 1893, as well as many who have only read of it, will appreciate the following story, which comes from Chicago:

A man from one of the suburban towns called at a lawyer's office one day and asked him:

"Can't a given name be changed if a man wants it done, and is willing to pay for it?"

"Certainly," replied the lawyer, "if there are no good reasons why it should not be done."

"Well," rejoined the caller, "my name is Park."

"Yes?"

"I named my oldest boy Washington."

"Well?"

"And my youngest I named Jackson."

"Washington Park and Jackson Park. Very good."

"But there is a daughter, Lucy, who comes between the two. I want to have her name changed to Midway Plaisance."

Had Strong Scruples.

"Look, Tom, this is the preacher's house! The window's open, an' all the folks are at church, an' they don't keep no dawg, so that we couldn't have a softer snap!"

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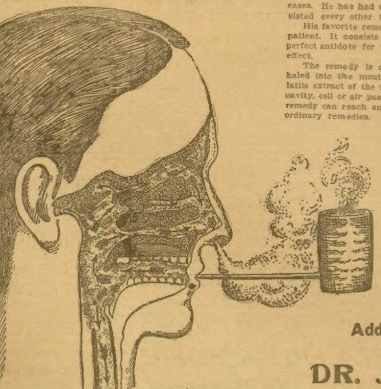

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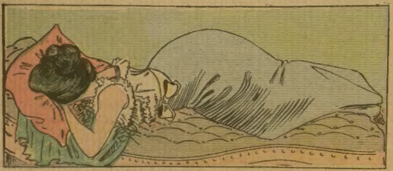

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CHAPTER IV—Continued.

"I cannot take the hand of a traitor," said Gault Hazeltine, quietly, "and I never pardon treachery."

He slightly lifted his hat, stepped aside, and went on his way.

About half an hour later John Rodney entered the parlor where Louise sat, looking very fair and girlish in her white gown, with pale yellow roses in her auburn hair. Rodney threw himself rather wearledly in a chair beside her.

"I met Gault Hazeltine," he said, abruptly, "and I asked him to forgive me."

"What did he say?" asked Louise, eagerly.

"He said that he could not take the hand of a traitor and that he never pardoned treachery," replied Rodney, with a bitter laugh.

Louise pouted.

"Horrid, disagreeable thing," she cried. "Really, John, I thought you had more pride than to humble yourself like that to Gault Hazeltine."

"I do not consider that I humbled myself," said John Rodney. "I did him a wrong and I asked him to pardon it. I should have known Gault Hazeltine better, however. But when I found myself face to face with him all the old affection rushed over me and I spoke impulsively, out of the fullness of my heart," and he sighed.

"Did he see the baby?" asked Louise.

"Of course he saw the baby," replied Rodney, irritably.

Louise leaned back in her chair, a complacent smile on her lips.

"What a goose you are, John," she said. "You should have known better than to have spoken to Gault Hazeltine under such circumstances as those. You might have known what effect the sight of my lovely baby would have upon him."

"It would have been the same under any circumstances," said John Rodney.

Louise did not condescend to argue the question, she only shrugged her shoulders incredulously.

CHAPTER V.

"Grandfather, can I speak to you for a few moments?"

Doctor Abner looked up from his desk, with an affectionate smile at the tall, handsome young fellow in the doorway.

"Why, certainly; come in, Jack," he replied.

The young man crossed the office and seated himself beside the doctor.

"Grandad," he said, his smooth, boyish cheek flushing slightly, "I have a confession to make to you. I am in love with Mary Hazeltine and she loves me and we want to get married."

The doctor bounded in his chair.

"What!" he exclaimed, and then he added, more quietly, "I was not aware, Jack, that you were even acquainted with Miss Hazeltine."

"Oh, yes, grandfather, I met her two years ago when I was at college and she was visiting in the town," was the reply. "We loved each other almost from the very first."

"But, tell me, Jack, does Mr. Hazeltine, Mary's father, know of the attachment existing between you and his daughter?" asked the doctor, curiously.

"Oh, no, grandad," answered Jack Rodney. "Mary said that we must wait a year or so as her father would not consent to an engagement because she was too young. But now Mary is twenty-two and I shall soon be twenty-four in a few months, so have decided that we have waited long enough and I intend going to Oak Hall to speak to Mr. Hazeltine today. I have some money of my own, you know, and I shall soon be a full-fledged doctor, with half of your practice standing waiting for me. So my prospects are pretty fair."

Doctor Abner had listened in silence, drumming nervously with his fingers on the desk. As his grandson ceased speaking, he looked up and said, gravely:

"Jack, it is strange that you and Mary Hazeltine, of all people in the world, should find each other out and fall in love. And, my dear boy, it's greatly to be deplored."

Jack looked at his grandfather in startled amazement.

"Why, grandad, what on earth do you mean?" he cried.

"I am very much afraid, Jack, that Mr. Hazeltine will never give his consent to your marriage with his daughter," answered the doctor.

"But, why, grandfather?" questioned the young man, anxiously. "I know that Mary will be rich some day and that I am not. But from what I have heard regarding Mr. Hazeltine I should not imagine that he was a man to care about a rich husband for his daughter. My family is fully as good as his and I shall make my way," drawing himself up proudly, "and——"

"There, there, Jack! Listen to me," the doctor interrupted him. "Gault Hazeltine's objection to your marriage with his daughter is of a different nature entirely. You are right. I don't think that he would give the reasons you mention a thought. But there is something else, Jack. You were only five years old when your mother died, and seven years later you lost your father; so I don't suppose you ever heard them speak of Gault Hazeltine, or that you would have comprehended if they had, you were too young."

"Then my father and mother were acquainted with Mr. Hazeltine," said Jack. "I am sure her father never mentioned this to Mary or she would have spoken of it to me."

"Probably not," remarked the doctor. "Yes, your parents were at one time exceedingly well acquainted with Gault Hazeltine," he continued. "In fact, your father was his dearest friend, your mother his affianced wife."

"What?" cried Jack. Then he added, quickly, "Go on, go on, grandfather, tell me all."

"I can tell you all in a very few words, my dear boy," said Doctor Abner, gravely. "While visiting his friend, Gault Hazeltine, your father was introduced to your mother. You can guess the rest. They fell in love with each other and Gault Hazeltine's friend and affianced wife both played him false."

Jack had grown very grave. The old doctor's heart ached, for it was the first shadow he had ever seen upon that handsome young face.

"How dreadful!" cried the young man. "But, grandfather, do you think that Mr. Hazeltine is so unrelenting as to visit the wrong my parents did him upon their child?"

"I fear so, Jack," reluctantly admitted the doctor. "Let me relate to you something that occurred between your father and Gault Hazeltine, told to me by the former. It will give you a better idea than I can of Gault Hazeltine's nature. On the day that Mary Hazeltine was born your father, with you by his side, met his old friend on the street. Your father held out his hand and asked Gault Hazeltine to forgive him. This was his reply, 'I cannot take the hand of a traitor, and I never pardon treachery.' "

"But, grandfather," cried Jack, with an eagerness which brought a pang to the doctor's heart, "this bitterness on Mr. Hazeltine's part may not have descended to my father's son. Moreover, by visiting the wrong of my parents upon me he must also strike at his daughter's heart. I cannot believe that he will do this, grandfather, for he loves her very dearly. She has not a wish ungratified. I shall at all events go to him, tell him of my love for his daughter, and ask his permission to make her my wife."

"That is the best; in fact, the only proper course to pursue," said the doctor, as he suppressed a sigh.

Jack rose to his feet.

"I shall see Mr. Hazeltine today," he said. Then he added, with a sudden wistfulness in his clear, young voice, "Wish me good luck, grandad."

"My own dear boy, you know that I do with all my heart," said the doctor, in a tremulous voice.

Then, as the young man left the room, Doctor Abner sighed deeply.

"Gault Hazeltine will never consent to the marriage," he murmured. "I cannot bear to think of the suffering in store for Jack, for young as he is, he has a remarkably strong nature, and his love for Mary Hazeltine is no boyish fancy which will soon pass away. How little did John Rodney and Louise think that for the wrong they did Gault Hazeltine their child would suffer.

CHAPTER VI.

Gault Hazeltine stood looking down upon the card in his hand with knitted brows.

"John Rodney," he murmured, speaking aloud, unconsciously, his voice full of unpleasant amazement. "You can show him in here, James," he added, turning to the servant who stood waiting.

He remained standing, the card still in his hand and his eyes fixed upon the door. A swift look of aversion swept across his face, as Jack Rodney entered and approached him.

The young man had the blended beauty of both parents. The mother's soft, brown eyes and gleaming, auburn hair; the father's fine cut features and splendid physique.

"Mr. Rodney, I believe?" said Gault Hazeltine, with a glance at the card in his hand. "To what do I owe the honor of this visit?" he added.

The young man's face flushed hotly at the curt address, under the cold gaze bent upon him. He knew Gault Hazeltine very well indeed by sight. They were both enthusiastic sportsmen and had often met when out hunting. Jack now understood why the elder man had, on those occasions, so studiously avoided coming in contact with him. Never in the whole course of his untroubled young life had Jack felt so ill at ease and so miserable, as in the moment when he stood face to face with the man whose aversion, whose intolerance were barely concealed. A sickeningly hopeless feeling stole over the young man. He realized, even before making known his errand, that his grandfather's forebodings were but too well founded.

"I have no doubt that my visit surprises you, Mr. Hazeltine," he said. "I do not think that you are aware that your daughter and myself——"

"My daughter," the elder man interrupted him roughly, "what have you to do, sir, with my daughter?"

"We love each other, sir," replied Jack, with quiet dignity. "My object in seeking you is to ask your permission to make her my wife."

Gault Hazeltine's dark face grew white to the lips. It was some moments before he spoke, for even his self-control, under the dominance of an iron will though it was, almost deserted him.

"I do not know how such an amazing state of affairs has come to pass between you and my daughter," he said, at length, in ominously quiet tones, "I shall not prolong this interview by seeking an explanation. I have only this to say in regard to the matter, my daughter, with my consent, will never become your wife."

"I am aware that my parents did you a cruel wrong, Mr. Hazeltine," began Jack, impulsively, then the words died on his lips under the dark, frowning look bent upon him by Gault Hazeltine.

"We will not discuss that matter, if you please," said the latter. "I shall give no reason for my refusal to give my consent to my daughter's marriage with you. You can put what construction upon it you please. But bear in mind that my refusal is irrevocable. (At that moment James, the servant man, appeared in the doorway, but his presence was unnoticed). I do not think that my daughter will marry you during my lifetime without my consent. I shall send for my lawyer and have made a new will, disinheriting her if she marries you after my death."

At this point, James, who had come to bring his master a letter, thought it more prudent to withdraw without being seen.

"And, now, it is quite useless to prolong this interview," continued Mr. Hazeltine.

Jack bowed.

"Pardon me for intruding upon you," he said, "Good morning," and with his handsome young face, pale as ashes, Jack passed out of the room.

Mr. Hazeltine rang the bell and ordered James to tell Miss Hazeltine he wished to see her at once.

"Miss Mary has gone to the parsonage, sir, to spend the day," replied James. "She left word for you that she would not be home until this evening."

Gault Hazeltine walked restlessly up and down the room several times.

"Go and tell them to saddle my horse," he said, at length.

James watched his master ride rapidly away down the long avenue.

"The master's out of sorts and is tryin' to ride down his feelings," murmured James to himself. "Wonder why he's so bitter opposed to Miss Mary's marryin' that handsome young chap, Mr. Jack Rodney. Don't blame Miss Mary for fallin' in love with him. He's good lookin' is Mr. Jack. Whatever's his reason Mr. Hazeltine's bound they shan't get married if he can help it. Goin' to make a will and cut Miss Mary off if she marries Mr. Jack Rodney. I just wonder now if Miss Mary would be such a goose as to give up all that money to marry

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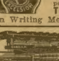

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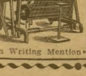

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Mr. Jack Rodney? P'raps Mr. Jack Rodney wouldn't be so anxious to get married under them there circumstances," and James chuckled.

At that moment the front door bell rang and he moved forward and opened the door. Outside stood a middle-aged man, seedy in dress and dissipated in appearance.

"Is Mr. Hazeltine at home?" he inquired, and James, notwithstanding the shabby attire and altogether disreputable appearance, recognized the voice and manner of a gentleman, and replied more respectfully than he had intended:

"No, sir, Mr. Hazeltine ain't at home. He started out on horseback about ten minutes ago. It's a wonder you didn't meet him down the avenue."

"I did not come that way. I came by the meadow path," said the man.

James stared. The meadow path ran through the Oak Hall property and was private. Moreover, James could not understand how the man, who was certainly a stranger, knew anything about that way of reaching Oak Hall.

"When do you expect Mr. Hazeltine to return?" inquired the man.

"Can't say, sir," replied James.

"Do you think it likely that I shall find him if I return this afternoon?" was the next inquiry.

"Shouldn't wonder if you would, sir," answered James.

The stranger stood, hesitating, for a moment, then said:

"Is Mrs. Hazeltine at home?"

James suppressed a grin, as he replied:

"Well, no, sir. Mrs. Hazeltine's been dead this five year and more."

"Well, I'll call again this afternoon," said the stranger.

"Leave your name, sir?" questioned James.

The man loked at James, while an odd smile quivered across his lips.

"No, I do not think I will leave my name," he replied, as he turned away.

James stood watching him as he walked slowly away in the direction of the meadow path.

"That's rather an odd chap," he muttered. "Seems to know the master pretty well and to be tolerably familiar with Oak Hall. I certainly have never seen him in these parts before. Has the manners of a gent, but he's drunk a lot of whisky in his time, he has."

Then James closed the door and forgot all about the stranger.

CHAPTER VII.

"Ah, Jack, it is useless for me to ask you the result of your interview with Gault Hazeltine," said Doctor Abner, as Jack entered the sitting room on his return from Oak Hall. "Your face tells me that it is as I feared it would be."

The young man dropped wearily into a chair.

"You are right, grandfather," he replied. "Mr. Hazeltine absolutely refuses to give his consent to my marriage with his daughter. He is a cold, hard, relentless man," and he proceeded to relate all the particulars of his interview with Mr. Hazeltine, adding: "You see, grandfather, even if I could induce Mary to marry me without the consent of her father, or even in case of his death, unless," with a bitter smile, "he should happen to die before he has time to make that new will, I would be doing the girl I love a grievous wrong, for I should thus deprive her of a fortune, and it may be many years before I can offer her an adequate return."

The doctor stood at the window, gazing with troubled eyes, out at the mellow sunlight and rich beauty of the autumn day.

"It seems rather a bad state of affairs, my boy, no matter how you look at it," he said, as he turned away from the window. "Gault Hazeltine will never relent, of that I am quite sure."

A hard, sullen, resentful look marred, for the moment, the beauty of Jack Rodney's face.

"Grandfather, I never hated any one in my life before," he said, "but I believe that I do hate Gault Hazeltine. It is hard to realize that he is the father of my sweet, gentle Mary."

"By the way," suddenly exclaimed the doctor, "I am almost sure that I saw Charles Hazeltine, Gault's brother, today. I was driving along the road which runs by the Oak Hall land when I passed a man walking slowly in the opposite direction. He was a seedy, dissipated looking fellow, but very like what I imagine Charles Hazeltine to be now. And it struck me that he recognized me, though he quickly averted his eyes and went rapidly by as though he was afraid that I might accost him. Perhaps," with a faint smile, "he has come back to see if there is any probability of his brother dying before himself, as the twenty-five years designated in his uncle's will are now up. Charles will come in for twenty-five thousand dollars in case of Gault's death."

"I do not think that Gault Hazeltine is apt to die in the near future unless some happy accident carries him off," said Jack, with a bitter, discordant laugh.

The doctor looked anxiously at his grandson. The handsome face was white, the eyes moody and restless.

"Jack, my own dear boy," said the doctor, laying his hand on the young man's arm, "you must not allow this trouble to embitter you. Perhaps it may come out all right in the end, for we can never tell in this world what may happen."

"There is but one thing which can make matters straight for me," said Jack, as he rose to his feet, "and that is the departure of Gault Hazeltine from this earthly sphere before he has time to make another will."

Those words were destined to return before many hours to Doctor Abner fraught with dread significance.

"I do not like to hear you talk like that, Jack," he said, gravely. "Even though I know that you do not mean what you say."

"Don't be too sure of that, grandfather," answered Jack, as he moved towards the door.

It was about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon when Doctor Abner came out of the sitting room on his way to the office. Jack was just coming down the stairs. The doctor looked at him in surprise. He was in hunting costume and carried a musket flung across his arm.

"Why, Jack, are you going hunting?" asked the doctor, astonished that the young man should feel in the mood for any sort of amusement.

"I thought a little exercise might brighten me up," said Jack, a little confusedly, and then he went on quickly by his grandfather, leaving the house by the back door.

The doctor, moved by an uncontrollable impulse, walked to the door and looked after his grandson. Jack had taken a short cut across the fields in the direction of Oak Hall.

About five o'clock Doctor Abner was in his office putting up a bottle of medicine for which a small boy was waiting, when a servant from Oak Hall rushed in, his face pale, his eyes big with excitement.

"Doctor!" he cried, breathlessly, "will you please to come at onct to Oak Hall, somebody's gone and murdered Mr. Hazeltine!"

The bottle dropped from the doctor's hand and shivered into pieces on the floor.

"What, what's that you say?" he cried, turning a very pale face towards the man.

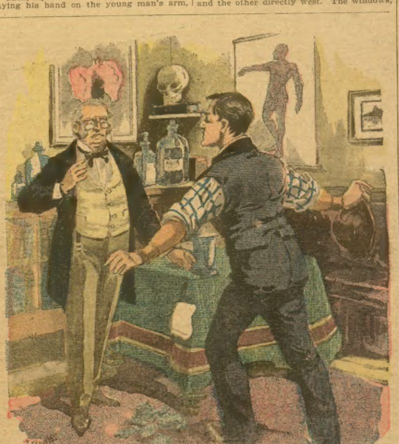
"Mr. Hazeltine's been murdered, sir!" was the answer. "And they want you to come up there at onct."

"I will go back with you as soon as I have made up another bottle of medicine for this boy," said the doctor, as he took down a bottle from a shelf over his head with a hand which trembled perceptibly. "How and by whom was Mr. Hazeltine murdered?" he asked.

"We don't know who murdered him," replied the man. "He was found in that there room he calls his 'den' lying on the lounge with a bullet hole in the back of his head. Somebody done shot him from the winder for the door was bolted on the inside."

About twenty minutes later Doctor Abner entered the room at Oak Hall in which Gault Hazeltine had met his death. This room, on the ground floor, was evidently the 'den' of a sportsman. The floor was covered with the skins of animals, the walls were hung with hunting trophies and firearms. The room was medium-sized and contained two windows, one facing south and the other directly west. The windows, both of which were open, were about three feet from the ground. The room was red with the glow from the setting sun.

Another installment of this fascinating story will appear next week. Ledger readers are respectfully asked to note our premium announcements on pages thirteen and fifteen.



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The dog caught the fish as it came down and the hawk swooped after it, but the dog turned and ran into the house, placing his trophy, yet alive, at the feet of his mistress.

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BY MARO O. ROLFE

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CHAPTER IX.

"THE LINE IS DOWN!"

As the superintendent spoke he felt a hand touch his arm. Turning, he saw Mainhall standing close beside him.

"You see, Mr. Fincastle, that it was not my recklessness that brought us so near death. I fully understand that it was not your neglect. Let us begin anew with more confidence in each other. Fenton Marple is undoubtedly at the bottom of this affair, and he has very likely prepared other surprises for us to be sprung in the event of the failure of this. Shall we not shake hands over our ill feeling?"

"I don't think, Mr. Mainhall, or Mr. Seacord," and Fincastle spoke slowly and deliberately, "that I should do much handshaking with you just yet. To be frank with you, my confidence in you is not very strong. Besides, we have little time for the exchange of compliments. Does this mishap knock out your plans completely and shall we consider everything off and abandon the trip right here and now?"

"Abandon it? By no means!"

"What then?"

"First, you must be certain the track is clear."

"If the enemies of the road have control of telegraphic facilities anywhere I may not be able to accomplish that. At any rate it will take up some time for me to do what I can to that end."

"Take the time, then, but cut it short."

Without more words Fincastle ran into the little telegraph office and in thirty seconds he had the operator at work. Up the line and down the line his messages flew, and in five minutes he believed that he had everything arranged so that a safe passage as far as Winterset was assured him.

"We don't need an open track beyond Winterset," he explained to Mainhall and De Lisle. "We shall meet the Rocket Express this side of that point."

Mainhall consulted his watch and a time table carefully before replying.

"Very well," he said, much to the surprise of Fincastle and De Lisle, "I see no reason why the regular running of the trains beyond Winterset should be interfered with." Until now he had opposed every suggestion that Fincastle had made, and they had not looked for this evidence that he was in a more tolerant mood.

"Perhaps his recent peril has tamed him a trifle," muttered De Lisle. "We shall see—but I doubt it."

The orders for train No. 10 had been given to the engineers and conductors at Gongo Junction. Turning again to the operator, Fincastle was presently in the midst of this conversation with the telegraphers at that point:

"Who wrote out those orders and gave them to the trainmen?" inquired Fincastle.

"I did," replied the telegrapher.

"Did they come to you over the wire?"

"No."

"How then?"

"They were delivered to me by Mr. Fincastle in person."

"What is your name—O'Rork?"

"No—Ferguson."

"And where is O'Rork?"

"Sick. He got permission from headquarters to have me sub for him tonight."

"And you are a stranger on the line?"

"Almost."

"Did you ever see Mr. Fincastle?"

"No."

"How did the man who claimed to be Fincastle identify himself?"

"I doubted and questioned him. He complimented me for my prudence. He came here on a locomotive and he had me wire the dispatcher. The dispatcher said it was Fincastle all right—he knew all about it—and gave me the loud ha-ha."

"Well," said Fincastle, dryily, "the laugh is on the dispatcher, not on this man Ferguson."

After a moment he had the operator question Ferguson again thus:

"Was the dispatcher fully satisfied that the man who gave you the orders was Fincastle?"

"He was until after I gave out the orders and the train was gone. Then he got it into his head that there were two engines down the line and some mistake was possible, so he began to make inquiries here and there. I guess he got it straightened out to his satisfaction."

"But not to mine," Fincastle grunted. "He has got the two engines mixed somehow, and I am going to find out how, if I can."

"What did you last hear from Fincastle?" he wired to the dispatcher. "Repeat message exactly."

"The orders for No. 10 are O. K."

"This was sent from Ostrander Station, only three miles from Gongo Junction, about half an hour after the train left the Junction, and is signed with my name. I will now wire Ostrander Station."

He learned that no message had been sent to the dispatcher from that point, and that the operator there knew nothing about the matter, except what he had overheard as inquiries and answers had been sent over the wire.

"Well," exclaimed Fincastle, "the wire was tapped, that's plain enough, and we have been at the mercy of villains to whom every-day murder would be pastime."

He wired the dispatcher that a nasty mistake had been made, and ordered him to straighten matters out all along the line. While he had been investigating, Mainhall had been standing near him, his eyes following jerkily the movement of the minute hand of the clock in the little office.

"The dispatcher will be too late," he said, in a low, distinct voice. "In one minute the line will be cut in three places."

Fincastle was half-stupified. The operator aroused him.

"It's all up. The line is down," he declared.

CHAPTER X.

"DETAINED BY DENTON MARPLE."

Fincastle cursed like a madman. The air that enveloped him as he turned on Mainhall might have appeared blue to one possessed of ability to see things to most men invisible.

He struck at Mainhall, but the latter deftly dodged his blow and the secret agent interposed his form between them.

"Damn you!" cried the superintendent, "you knew the wires would be cut. You knew at what instant they would be cut. Yet you gave me no warning. Why was that?"

"It would have done no good."

Fincastle swore again until he was black in the face and shook his fist between Mainhall's eyes.

"How do you make that out?" he demanded.

"How could you have prevented the cutting of the wires if you had known it was to be done?"

Fincastle did not answer. He knew it would have been impossible to guard the whole line, and that there were hundreds of lonely places where determined men could have cut the wires without danger of discovery even had he taken every precaution.

Mainhall's imperturbable coolness had the effect of calming Fincastle somewhat, incomprehensible as it may appear.

"You see, you could not have prevented the cutting of the wires," Mainhall went on, "unless you had had accurate knowledge as to where they would be severed."

"You knew the time. You doubtless knew the places," persisted Fincastle, accusingly.

"I knew the hour but not the places. The places were not determined in advance but were left to be settled by events. It was the intention of Denton Marple to cut the wires in three places at the time the work was done. I knew no more than that."

"But why did you not tell me that much?"

"Because I wanted to save the Rocket Express."

"And how could your concealment of this guilty knowledge contributed to that end?"

"I feared you wouldn't have the nerve to go on down the line if you should know that the running of the whole system was to be so thoroughly demoralized. That is what I was afraid of, Mr. Fincastle. Was I right?"

"You were wrong. I will go on."

As he spoke, evenly, earnestly, the superintendent led the way out of the country railway office and on to the platform.

"Come on," he added, "there is the engine waiting for us, and you have several times tonight warned me that every minute is valuable. Get aboard, both of you!"

"I fear it is now too late," said Mainhall.

"Bah!" Fincastle spoke in a tone of disgust. "I believe you are afraid, Mr. Mainhall. See, De Lisle! He hesitates. He lied to me concerning his motive for keeping me in ignorance of the fact that the wires would be cut, and he is not only a liar but a cowardly bluffer.

These hot shots did not ruffle Mainhall's tranquility to any appreciable extent. In fact, they appeared to amuse him. He laughed a little ill-naturedly, then skipped across the space intervening between the trio and the locomotive and climbing nimbly into the cab.

"Hurry up!" he called out. "You talk like a tough boy with a chip on his shoulder, and there is no time for any such foolishness."

Fincastle swore under his breath at the man's matchless nerve, and, followed by De Lisle, got up to his place in the cab.

As they ran off the switch and on to the main track, Mainhall said:

"I was sincere, Mr. Fincastle. I am thinking we shall be too late, but we will do the best we can. We may find a stretch of wire that we can make use of within certain limits. If so, you may be able to shape things to your liking in a local way."

"What are we to do next?" asked Fincastle by way of answer to this cheering suggestion.

"Just go ahead down the line as fast as you can," replied Mainhall.

The superintendent half shuddered as he put on steam and felt the engine taking on strength and speed. But he proved that he could be as reckless of consequences as Mainhall. They were soon making fifty miles an hour.

In a little while they were at Yorston, where a stop was made without protest from Mainhall.

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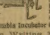

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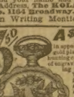

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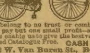

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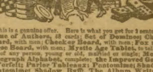

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When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Yorston down the line as far as Falls City, but the operator was unable to get any office up the line and none below beyond the town named.

"So," muttered Fincastle, "one cut is north of Yorston, another south of Falls City."

He ascertained that the track was clear between Falls City and Yorston and ordered that condition maintained until further notice. He learned nothing new about the cutting of the wires. Linemen had been sent out from Falls City in both directions and it was hoped that they would soon find the breaks and repair them. Fincastle took heart at the thought that repairers were by that time out in force wherever communication was interrupted. The Rocket Express had been reported to Falls City as half an hour late at Fruitdale, just before the wires had parted. Nothing later about the fated train could be learned.

Fincastle availed himself of the only chance to inquire about his daughter. He asked about the engine that old Bob Graham had taken down the line in the afternoon, and was soon able to talk with the veteran engineer at Falls City.

"Some one ran off with the engine," said Graham. "Your daughter is at the Verner house here. Wire her."

Soon Fincastle heard from his daughter direct.

"I am detained here by order of one Denton Marple. Something wrong. Come and get me."

"Thank God, we've an open track to Falls City," cried Fincastle.

"Don't be sure of that!" Mainhall breathed, rather than spoke.

CHAPTER XI.

A MAD RACE.

"There is nothing in the way of a rapid ride to Falls City," continued Fincastle, as he put the engine in motion again, "and the Verner house is right by the track."

Mainhall made no reply, but his face worked itself into a quizzical expression. The secret agent watched him narrowly when he was not stoking or busy with his duties as fireman.

They had not gone ten miles when, as they drew near a wodded belt through which the P. Q. & M. S. railway ran, they saw issuing from the timber and advancing rapidly toward them the headlight of a locomotive.

"Curse them!" gritted Fincastle, "my orders have been disobeyed."

The headlight that had alarmed them was not yet near enough to render safety impossible. Fincastle slowed up and seizing a lantern, signaled a retreat to those who confronted them.

In a short time the headlight stopped and then began to recede. Its speed was accelerated rapidly and it soon plunged back into the woods and was lost to view.

"Now is the time for action!" cried Mainhall. "We must chase up that light!"

"Has it any bearing on our mission?" asked De Lisle.

"The most direct bearing. That outfit, locomotive or train, or whatever it may be, bears the men who have the direction of the work of wrecking the Rocket Express."

"Are you sure?" asked Fincastle.

"I know positively."

"Then we should give it chase—is that it?"

"Yes."

"Here we go."

As Fincastle spoke he let more steam into the cylinders. The engine responded like a thing of life.

They passed through the belt of timber and as they emerged from it, saw the headlight they were following receding rapidly in the distance.

"Faster!" cried Mainhall. "Faster, or they will escape us, and that they must not do. To give them quarter is to doom the Rocket Express!"

Fincastle responded promptly and in two minutes more the locomotive was bounding like a race horse.

It was with difficulty that De Lisle and Mainhall kept their feet. So far as the mere speed was concerned, it was an old story to Fincastle, who had been a fireman and an engineer for years before his business ability elevated him to higher places.

Soon it was apparent that they were gaining in the race. The other headlight seemed to be drawing nearer very slowly but surely.

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Weltmerism, the Method of Magnetic Healing, originated by Prof. S. A. Weltmer of Nevada, Mo., in its wide scope of doing good for suffering humanity, does not only cure diseases of all nature but makes it impossible for disease to exist. This is a fact that has been substantiated by the many thousands of cures made. All physicians, all scientists, in fact all who know the physiology of the human race, know that if the organs of circulation, secretion and excretion are in perfect condition, perfect health is attained. Weltmerism, restores, without the aid of medicine, these organs to their natural function and the disease is banished. This great method cures dyspepsia, indigestion, stomach trouble, in fact, any disease known to man or woman, and this without the aid of medicine that so often ruins a constitution, which under the Weltmer method of magnetic healing is made strong. T. T. Rodes, Paris, Mo., Prosecuting Attorney of Monroe County, suffered for years from Sciatic Rheumatism; tried everything without benefit, was instantly cured through Prof. Weltmer's Absent Treatment. Mrs. C. R. Graham, Boise City, Iowa, afflicted with rheumatism nine years, cured through Weltmerism. Mrs. D. H. Allen, Aurora Springs, Mo., suffered from consumption in its worst form; fully restored by Prof. Weltmer's Absent Treatment. D. E. Alford, Rubens, Jewell Co., Kans., cured of kidney and stomach troubles by Prof. Weltmer's Absent Treatment. Send for a copy of the Magnetic Journal, a 40-page illustrated magazine, giving a long list of the most astounding cures ever performed. It is sent free.

PROF. WELTMER.

TEACHES HIS ART TO OTHERS Prof. Weltmer teaches his wonderful art to others, and it is the grandest and best paying profession of the age. Many of his students are making $10 to $50 per day. Taught by mail or personal instructions. Full instructions sent free to those writing to Prof. J. H. Kelly, Secretary, Nevada, Mo.

"Bravo!" shouted Mainhall. "We are doing well!"

Fincastle turned and regarded Mainhall with a sneering face. He did not like the man and he did not want his approbation.

The superintendent's open dislike did not perturb Mainhall, who smiled at him blandly and yelled:

"Go on and catch up with them. You can do it easily."

Fincastle was not so certain about his ability to overhaul the other locomotive with the one on which they were. He shrewdly suspected that the engine ahead was the one that old Bob Graham had taken down the line and that some one had run off with, as Graham had reported. He knew that this engine was very fleet and, well handled, would prove superior in point of speed to the one he had in hand.

He believed that his one hope of overhauling it lay in the chance that it was in the hands of inexperienced persons, who did not know its running record, nor how to get out of it the speed of which it was capable.

He drew out the lever still further and the gradually augmenting resistance of the atmosphere told them of their increasing velocity.

Mainhall clung to the water tank and maintained a posture as erect as possible. His sporting blood was beginning to get warm and he felt a keen enjoyment in the race, and, gambler that he was, recked not that it was a race for life and death.

De Lisle studied him with the most careful analysis and could not determine in what class to place him. To tell the truth, he more than half believed him insane.

Steadily the locomotive gained on the headlight they were chasing and his knowledge of the two machines led Fincastle to the inevitable conclusion that the other locomotive was not manned by railroad men, at least not by railroad men who thoroughly understood engines and how to make them do their best.

"Faster! Faster!" yelled Mainhall.

Fincastle did not heed him.

"Faster! Faster! Faster, I say! We must beat them! This is a glorious race!"

Fincastle, sturdy business man that he was, could not repress a contemptuous curse. He despised the spirit that appeared to animate Mainhall, who, in his interest in what he called "the race," appeared to forget the peril of the Rocket Express and the seriousness of their mission.

The superintendent noted with a shout of joy the fact that they were nearing Falls City. He thought to give a few minutes to the rescue of his daughter from what he believed to be a very uncomfortable, perhaps very dangerous, restraint.

The engine they pursued never slackened its speed, but dashed through the town at a velocity that made everything rattle.

As Fincastle would have slowed up, Mainhall jammed one of his revolvers against the superintendent's temple.

I tried to save it in spite of you!"

CHAPTER XII.

"YOUR MONEY BACK!"

As Fincastle recoiled from the menacing revolver, Mainhall, throwing himself against the superintendent, forced him from his place. Then, holding on to the lever with one hand, he stood between it and the two other men on the engine and kept them off with one of his ugly-looking weapons presented full in the face.

"We don't stop at Falls City," he said, grimly.

"But the wires are down beyond here," argued Fincastle, "and we don't what danger there may be."

"True enough, but you taunted me with an unwillingness to brave that very danger. You offered to face it yourself and now, Mr. Fincastle, I think you should go through to the end, be that end fair or foul! Do you forget that the fate of the Rocket Express yet hangs in the balance?" was Mainhall's somewhat animated rejoinder.

"And so does the fate of my daughter!" yelled Fincastle. "She is in that town," pointing back toward the receding lights of Falls City, "and in the power of Denton Marple, and you, Denton Marple's tool, would prevent me from rescuing her. Man, man, I must go back! I must!"

"Useless! Useless! Your daughter is safe from harm if she is there; if she is not, 'twould have done no good for you to stop. If she was under much restraint, do you suppose she could have wired you?"

"She might have found means to do that and yet not have been able to effect her escape," broke in De Lisle.

"Now," continued Mainhall, still addressing Fincastle and totally ignoring the secret agent and what he had said, "if you will go ahead and follow my instructions I promise to save the Rocket Express. If you will not do that, just let me off anywhere and then you may run back to Falls City or go to destruction in your own way and at your own gait. But understand, Fincastle, to pause now is to consign that train and all on board to a certain and fearful doom."

"But we are venturing on ground more and more dangerous!" replied Fincastle. "We are leaving the prairie land and straight, level track for a broken country and many curves and grades. The danger of running in this uncertain way will be multiplied ten fold."

Mainhall gave utterance to a sneering, rasping laugh that might have irritated Fincastle had he not been in such deadly earnest.

"You may attribute my decent caution to cowardice if you like," the superintendent continued, "but if we are lost through our own foolhardiness who or what is to save the Rocket Express? Mr. Mainhall, you are not logical, and if you are not a great rascal I fear you are mentally unbalanced. If you will permit me to stop at the next station and I learn that anything has been done toward repairing the line, I consent to pursue this mad adventure still further. Otherwise I will let you off and after that I shall be guided by my own judgment. We are taking plenty of chances, even if we use common sense, and we are taking too many if we do not."

Smiling fiendishly, Mainhall pulled trigger and fired past Fincastle's head, but evidently without any intention to hit him.

"You forget the revolver!" he shouted. "That was to remind you of it. I have five more shots in this and I have another loaded revolver and I am master of the situation so long as I have a shot left if I want to be. But I accept your proposition. Take your place here and run the machine. I could keep it going if steam held out unless we got into a mix-up with something else on the track, but such work is not in my line. You've let that engine we were chasing escape, and the Rocket

(Continued on page eleven.)

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Our regular $3.00 package of Paris Vital Sparks, a full month's treatment, 100 doses, sent by mail closely sealed. Write us to-day. No C. O. D. fraud, no prescription that you cannot get filled, but a full month's treatment.

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Dr. Archambault's Paris Vital Sparks will surprise and please you. They ASTOUND the medical world. They act at once on the urino-genital system, and no miracle of Bible times can compare with the wonderful results obtained. They cure urinary diseases. Stop night losses in from seven to ten days, so that they never return. Emissions, drains, and losses in urine entirely cease after a few days' treatment. The skin becomes clean, the eyes bright and clear. Confidence returns, step elastic, bowels regular. They assist digestion, increase the appetite when it is poor, headaches, flushings and nervous symptoms fade away, the head becomes clear, the memory good, the mind bright and active. They make new, rich red blood, which mantles the cheeks and lips and makes them rosy with health. Dark circles under the eyes disappear, and the weak man or woman is made a new being and restored to perfect health and vigorous sexual power and glorious youth at once.

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A food for Brain, Blood, Muscles, Bones, and Nerves. Not a stimulating drug, to help for a few days, and leave you in worse condition in the end, but real, permanent good always results, no matter how chronic the case.

We Have Over 10,000 Honest Testimonials.

Sandys Springs, Md., Aug. 16, 1899.

Dear Sirs—Please excuse me for my long delay in writing. I would have written long ago, but I have had a great deal of trouble since I received the treatment from you. I lost a child a few weeks ago, which had been sick for a month or two, but I sit right down to-day to write you, telling you that your medicine surely did do me good in every way. I feel like a new woman altogether, and now as soon as I can I am going to send you some money. Times will be better soon. Don't feel that I do not intend to pay you, for I will very soon.

Yours truly,
MRS. BERTIE HODGE.

Read this from a reliable man, who holds a position that makes it at least worthy of your consideration.

Treasurer's Office, Town of Mesaba, St. Louis County, Minn.,
John Lake, Treasurer.

Mesaba, Minn., Aug. 13, 1899.

Gentlemen—Glory to God, what shall I say? I have doctored with the so-called best doctors in the land, but I might as well have taken so many chips. But, thank God and you, I can see more improvement in the few days that I have been taking your medicines than ever before. I know I am to be cured, and if so I will send you lots of customers, and you are at liberty to publish anything that I write to you, for it is God's fact. You may not believe me, but I feel like going out and preaching it to the land. I shall write you as I improve, once in a while, but I do not know how to thank you, or to tell you how I feel. Respectfully yours

(Signed) JOHN LAKE.

SINCERITY.

In speaking as they think, believing as they pretend, acting as they profess, performing as they promise, and being as they appear to be. —Boston Post.

The Dr. Archambault Company, of Boston, Mass., is one of the most reliable and at the same time liberal and honest medical companies in America. They are sending out a large $3.00 package of Dr. Archambault's Paris Vital Sparks, sufficient for one month's use. They cure the most chronic and obstinate cases of lost power, varicocele, small, weak parts, night losses, etc., etc. They act in twenty-four to forty-eight hours, and they are mailing Ten Thousand Packages absolutely free each month, as they know a cured patient is the best advertisement they can possibly have. The editor of this paper can personally vouch for the reliability of the Dr. Archambault Company.—Editor Cheerful Moments, New York City.

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Do not send us any money with your answer. When you write all it costs you is the postage, two cents on your letter, or a postal card with your name and address will do as well, costing only a cent. We shall send to every person who answers this advertisement a most valuable War Relic. FREE.

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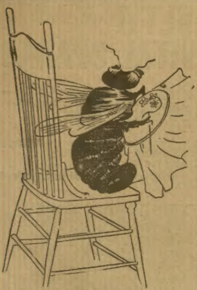

"A SEWING BEE."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surface. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Murder in Literature.

But the gray old millionaire in the problem story is by no means without recourse.

"Why do you murder me?" he exclaims. "It is not for you to commit this mysterious crime! For you are by no means the last person in the book who would be suspected of such a thing!"

The other is at once struck by the force of this argument, and slinks away, first letting fall the glittering dagger from his nerveless fingers; while the millionaire felicitates himself upon his accurate understanding of the literary proprieties.

A Big Drop in Bicycles.

A happy surprise is in store for all bicycle riders, for several makers of well known high grade bicycles, as well as some makers of cheaper grades, have placed their entire output in the hands of one house, to be sold direct to the riders everywhere at the lowest prices ever known. For special prices, that will be lower than bicycles were ever before advertised or sold at, and for a free trial and pay after received offer, cut this notice out and mail to SEARS, ROEBUCK & Co., (INC.), Chicago, Ill.

A Hint.

She wrote to him, and closed her letter with these meaning words:

"I remain Gladys Fitzmaurice."

She sighed deeply as she wiped her pen upon her hair.

"How long shall I remain this?" she asked herself, in much agony of spirit.

Then she folded the missive and sealed it with the ancient crest of the house of Fitzmaurice.

Acted on the Suggestion.

"It seems foolish," said the young woman, last week, "for a man to spend his money on a ridiculous valentine, when the girl would appreciate a box of candy, or something of that sort, so much more."

"Ah!" said the young man.

This morning the young woman was much mystified when she received a boiled ham and a dozen cheese sandwiches in a neat box.

Catarrh Cured by Smoking.

Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure has cured cases of long standing after everything else has failed. To further introduce his remedy he now agrees to mail every reader of this paper a trial package free. See their offer on page three.

At the Front.

He was a newspaper man. "Late war news kept me down town," he stammered, as he entered the house at 5:30 a. m.

"Humph!" replied his wife. "Well, we'll make a little more war news right here for a late edition!"

And the battle was on.

The Cheerful Idiot.

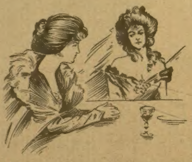
"Who was the sporty guy I saw you talking to?" asked the shoe clerk boarder.

"One of our most noted ethnologists," replied the Cheerful Idiot.

"Him?"

"Yes. He writes books on the races."

Inconsistent.



"When I pray I pray in secret."

"And then you come out in public and blow about it."

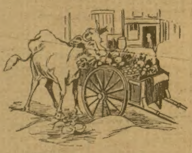
A Recommendation.

The Big Boss—Say, look here. I can't recommend that man for a place on the police force. He has been fined for wife-beating, I find out.

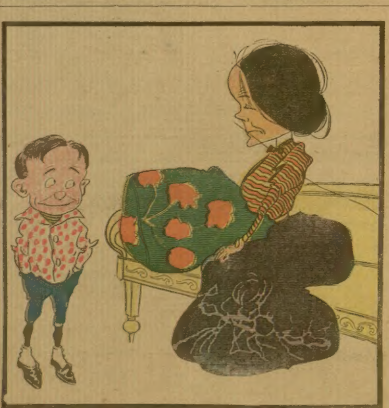
The Little Boss—Did ye ever see his ould woman?

"No."

"By gorry, if ye had, ye'd knew thot the man who could git away wid her was th' very wan for handlin' des-prit cases.



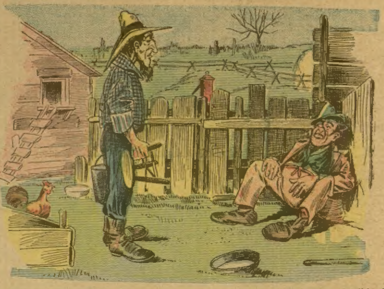
DINING A LA CARTE.



"When you are tempted to be naughty, Walter, you must say, 'get thee behind me, satan.' "

"Hugh! I'd rather have 'm in front, where I c'n keep m' eye on 'im."

TAKING NO CHANCES.



Farmer Cornfed—If I give you a meal will you help me a little with my milking?
Sunset Sims (cautiously)—Dat depends on w'ot kind of a pump you use.

New York and Chicago.

"Some day," we ventured to predict, "a man will be able to go to sleep in Chicago and wake up in New York."

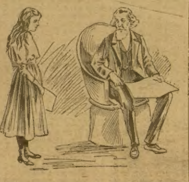
"Do you really suppose Chicago will ever get to be so quiet as that?" faltered the Chicago man, in evident scorn.

Indestructible.

Mrs. Nuwed (to market man)—I want a chicken that I can fry, or stew, or roast, or fix up any way I like.

Market Man—Sure, mum, here's one you can do anything you like wid, an' not hurt it.

No Wonder It Is Looked Upon as a Grievious Sin.



Uncle Ned—Don't be pert, dear—you know what that is?

Flossie—Oh, it's speaking to grown-up people the way they speak to you.

To California Quickly and Comfortably

Via Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line. "The Overland Limited" leaves Chicago daily 6:30 P. M., arrives San Francisco the afternoon of third day, and Los Angeles next morning. No change of cars. All meals in dining cars. Buffet, smoking and library cars, with barber. "The best of everything." "The Pacific Express" leaves Chicago daily 10:30 P. M., with first-class and through tourist sleepers to California. Personally conducted excursions every Thursday. All agents sell tickets with Chicago & North-Western R'y. For full information and illustrated pamphlet apply to W. B. Kniskern, 22 Fifth avenue, Chicago, Ill.

A Substitute.

The Filipino soldier fell upon his knees.

"Oh, Senor!" he cried. "Have you no mercy?"

Private Smith of the 'Steenth Volunteers, who had been a drug clerk at home, looked down upon him coldly.

"No," he replied, from sheer force of habit, "but I have something just as good."

Thereupon he gave it to him.

According to Sheldon.

Editor Sheldon—You say here that "General Buller's army recrossed the Tugela with much profanity and loud curses." Can't you change that sentence? It doesn't meet our requirements.

War Correspondent—Sure. Make it read that they crossed with plenty of dash.

The Roadside Idea.

Hungry Higgins—What is these here "progressive dinners" the swell aristocrats is havin'?

Weary Watkins—W'y, you git your soup at one place, your fish at the next place, your meat at the next place——

Hungry Higgins—An' dog-bite at the next place?

The Lot of Woman.

"You certainly can't call the eel skirt very sensible."

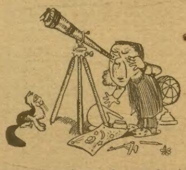
"No, it seems to be decreed that a woman may not show good lines and a good sense at the same time."

Primitive Woes.

Lilian—What awful, awful hardships our forefathers must have experienced.

Blanche—Yes, just think, they didn't have olives.

Seeing Is Believing.



Professor—By George! the moon has inhabitants. I can see them move about.

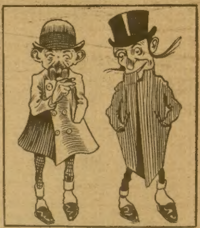
Enormous Sales of Two-Steps.

The Chicago Tribune says that Sousa first showed the demand that existed for a good thing with his "Liberty Bell." Then Kerry Mills made an enormous hit with his "Georgia Camp Meeting," selling perhaps 250,000 copies. Now music dealers can hardly supply the demand for the newest two-step favorite, "Dance on Friday Night."

Extremes Meet.

The Indigent—Sir, I do not know where my next meal is coming from!

The Dyspeptic—Curious! Now, I don't know where my next meal is going to!



"They say music will cure the blues."

"That's so; when I hear some kinds of music I quit feeling sad and get mad."

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STORYETTE.

Rich but Shoeless.

One business man in Minneapolis has abandoned sporty hose. There was a time when a display of his socks upon the line on wash day was warranted to draw a crowd. The rest of his garb was decorous enough, but when it came to hose he turned an effulgent fancy loose, and the result was fearful and wonderful. Friends said: "Where on earth does he get the atrocious things?" and his wife cajoled, ridiculed, threatened, and even wept, in vain. On the matter of neckties he might give in, but when it came to hose he was as adamant. Now, however, he is a reformed character, and this is the way it came about:

One day he received word that a syndicate was to meet in Cleveland which would affect his business interests vitally. His presence might swing things his way, but there was hardly time to make the trip. By close figuring on time tables he found that if he could make an exceedingly close connection in Chicago he could reach Cleveland in time for the meeting. He telephoned home for his grip and took the night train.

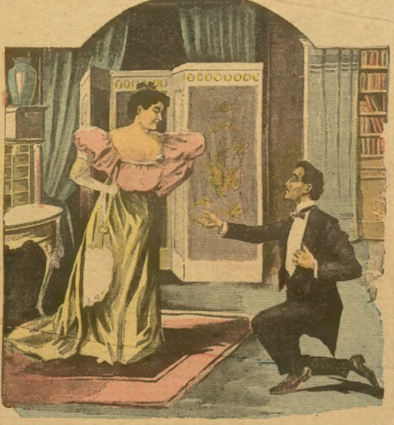
The train was due in Chicago at 7 o'clock in the morning. About 6:20 the Minneapolis man wakened and was beginning to dress when the porter stuck a scared face through the curtains.

"For de Lawd's sake, suh!" he said, rolling his eyes widely.

"What's the matter, John?" Mr. Smith inquired, nonchalently fastening his suspenders.

"Deed, suh, I dunno how it happened."

GOOD ADVICE.



He—As you refuse me, pray tell me the sort of girl I ought to propose to?
She—Well, one who is rich and a philanthropist.

"What happened?"

"I tuk yoh shoes, suh, to shine 'em, an' I went out on de platform, an' I done lost 'em off'n de cyah."

Smith sat up suddenly and cracked his head against the upper berth. That didn't make him feel better.

"Why, you bullet-headed idiot!" he shouted, "what do you suppose I'm going to do without shoes?"

The porter cringed in contrition.

"Why, suh, I'll go out'n procuah you some direckly we arrive in de city."

"But I haven't got time to wait: I've got to make close connections."

The porter looked worried. Then he brightened up.

"Ef I cud make so bold as to offah dem, suh, you cud hove my shoes foh de time bein'."

He pulled off a shoe as he spoke, and Smith tried to put it on. It was too small by several sizes, and, as the full awkwardness of the situation dawned on him, he gave vent to remarks that were more forcible than elegant. He couldn't miss that meeting, though. It meant thousands of dollars to him. Of course, he could take a cab at the station in Chicago; but he would have to go out of the cab. He looked down at his hose. For the first time in his life he thought they looked too gay. He had been proud of those socks. They were turquoise blue, with red polka dots; and he remembered that, when he bought them, he hesitated because he thought they seemed subdued in tone. Now they shrieked loudly.

The train pulled into the station. The situation had to be faced. He looked at his watch—only twenty minutes to catch the eastern train. He settled his hat firmly, seized his grip and umbrella, and stepped off the car. Then the commuters, pouring into the city, were treated to the sight of an immaculate and distinguished looking gentleman of forty walking shoeless through the station and displaying a most gorgeous pair of socks to the gaze of the multitude. The multitude appreciated it, and showed their appreciation in facetious remarks. Smith broke into a cold perspiration and wondered whether a hundred thousand dollars was worth the agony; but he reached the street and hid himself in a cab. During the ride he amused himself by thinking of the wrath to come when he should reach the other station. It occurred to him that he would send someone in to buy his ticket, and then would sprint for the train; but there wasn't a minute to loose. There wouldn't be any time for anyone to bring the ticket back to him.

Once more he braced himself for the ordeal and emerged into public view. By the time he reached the ticket office he had a crawd following him, and as he moved toward the wicket the excitement swelled to tremendous proportions. Public opinion was unanimous and openly expressed, the man was crazy! Someone ought to look after him!

The gatekeeper stopped him, and a burly policeman loomed up and showed an inclination to arrest him. Smith explained desperately, tying his sentences into knots and justifying the theory of insanity; but he prevailed upon the officials and fled down the platform to the parlor car, where he took refuge in the state room, and made the air blue—deeply, darkly, beautifully blue—bluer than the obnoxious socks.

Then he took the porter into his confidence and found consolation. The porter had a friend in the station restaurant of a town through which the train would pass later in the day. A dispatch was sent to the friend, telling him to meet the train with a pair of men's shoes, number—, well, any sort, any price. The friend rose to the emergency, and was royally rewarded, and Smith arrived at the syndicate meeting in all the glory of new patent leathers.

Since then he wears sad-hued hose. Black is his standby, but, on rare occasions, he indulges in navy blue. History may never repeat itself, but if it does, he is ready.—New York Sun.

Quite a Different Thing.

Mr. Doe—I am surprised that you put up with your son's extravagance.

Mr. Roxe—Oh, I don't. I merely put up for it.

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The Porto Ricans are strange people. They seem to prefer the protection of the constitution to protection of the Dingley brand.

Not long ago a report was printed that Professor Sumner, of Yale, had sent in an address to students that nine marriages in ten are unhappy. So much comment was excited by this proposition that Professor Sumner states his position anew: "In the strictest sense, marriage is an ideal thing that has never been realized. Vicissitudes act on the couple and change them, and not more than ten per cent realize their ideals." The professor fails to say how many ideals are realized in other respects than matrimony, and whether they would have proved superior to actual results. He has backed off into the region of the imaginative and knows that he can not be surrounded there.

The people have seen enough, and more than enough, of the manner in which vast sums of money can be utilized, either on the pretense of enormous "constructive" campaign expenses or in generous money tributes to friends "after the fact" of purchased success. It is full time that the high duty of electing United States senators should no longer be given over to comparatively small bodies of legislators who may be "bought," but be intrusted to the great body of the voters, themselves. Reform, necessary in many things, is nowhere called for more urgently than in our methods of electing senators. Public safety and public honor demand stronger buttresses against the force of corruption. The sooner we build them the better.

Briefly stated, the English feeling toward our subsidizing policy, as expressed by the Economist, is one of wonderment "at a sagacious people throwing away so much money needlessly," for "the industry of iron ship-building in the states is bound to grow into activity within the next few years without any adventitious aid whatever." The evidence of the witnesses before the senate committees leads the Economist to the conclusion that we are already able to compete with the British shipbuilders, though at some slight disadvantage, due to the tariff on certain articles of ship equipment. The subsidies as aids to shipbuilders would be largely to offset this disadvantage. But the sensible, businesslike method of removing it, the Economist thinks, would be to take the tariff off the articles mentioned instead of putting a double charge upon the American tax-payers.

ON THE LONELY VELDT.

BY ELLIS MARSTON.

The stillness was oppressive. Not a sound inside or outside the house bespoke the presence of life. There was no noise of wheels in the streets, no hum of voices, no breezy laughter echoing along the empty passages, no cheery greetings from foot passengers in the road; no sound of bugle from the soldiers' quarters. What had happened? Had the end of all things come at last? Or had he been—? Well, well, that would be a new departure. He half raised himself on one elbow, feeling strangely dazed and giddy, and looked about him. He was lying on a roomy sofa, covered over with a large rug; and in spite of the gathering gloom he could see that he was in a good-sized room, comfortably, if somewhat roughly furnished, but in a singular state of disorder. A few red ashes still smoldered in the grate, so that some one must have been in the room that morning. The chairs were all out of place, the curtains were torn and hanging in tatters from their poles; through the broken windows the evening wind came coolly in.

The man on the sofa continued to stare about him. Then he put his hand to his head, which was aching woefully.

"I cannot make it out," he said, "I must have been very, very tipsy."

When he took his hand from his head he noticed that it was wet. He struck a match. "Why, it's blood," he said, and putting up his hand once more, he found that his head was bandaged, and that the bandage covered a scalp wound from which the blood was slowly oozing. What little movement he had made caused him intense pain, and he sank back on the pillows with a groan.

Just then, from a room at a little distance came a faint twittering, which for a few moments burst into shrill, sweet song; and as the man listened a faint smile spread over his face. "That sounds homelike, anyhow," he said, and lay listening.

Higher and higher rose the bird's song, as if determined to compel audience. "Come to me, or I shall die; oh, come, come, come," it sang.

"I wonder," said the man, "if the poor little beggar has any food." He turned off the sofa and staggered along by the wall, stumbling over chairs, boxes, bundles, all the litter of flight, and, feeling along in the dark, made his way out into the passage. He passed several doors until he came to that from which issued the bird's song; this he entered and, striking a match, lit a candle which stood on a chest of drawers. Then he looked slowly around, wiping away the drops of blood which half blinded him.

Two little cribs stood in two corners; the print of curly heads still on the pillows; an eyeless doll lay on one table; a headless horse on the floor. On pegs against the wall hung various tiny garments, and a scarlet Tam o'Shanter, the only bit of bright color in the place.

A rush of tears came to the man's eyes. "I've stumbled into the nursery," he muttered; "but what has become of the children?"

Then the canary, whose song had ceased at the man's entrance, began to rustle and twitter on its perch, as fearing to be overlooked.

The man took the candle and glanced into the cage. "Neither water nor seed," he said; "we are both in a sorry plight." And he turned to go, but the bird importuned him with shrill insistence. "Oh, stay, stay, stay."

"I'm coming back," he said. Turning to the door, he waved his hand with a smile, and made his way into the kitchen. There was a small larder adjoining, where he found cold meat, bread, milk and a barrel of ale; all welcome to an exhausted man. But the one thought that dominated him was, "I must find food for the bird, or it will die."

At last in a canister on the kitchen chimney piece he alighted on a stock of canary seed, and with this and a jug of fresh water he hastened as well as he could upstairs, and replenished the bird's feeding troughs; afterwards he went down again, ate some cold meat and bread, and took a good draught of ale. Then memory began to come back to him.

"I was wounded," he said, "by a Boer bullet, outside Vryburg, and they took me into the town. How long ago was that? There were plenty of people here then. What has become of them?"

After a few minutes' cogitation he took a hat and stick from the hall, opened the front door, and went out into the street. He could see the road in front of him and, through the darkness, for the stars were not yet visible, the outlines of houses loomed indistinctly on either side. All was quiet except for the noise of dogs, barking and snarling over bones and other refuse. Not a human being was anywhere in sight. Carts and wagons, empty and horseless, stood here and there, the untenanted houses had their doors open, the threshold littered with the impediments of those who had departed in hot haste.

"I wonder," said the man, "if I am the only one left in the town."

He left the building behind him, and with reviving hope and courage, wandered off into the veldt, stopping every now and then to consult a small pocket compass, by whose guidance he kept on due north.

Hours passed; the stars paled, and in the east a rosy flush foretold the coming dawn; then, with a sudden blaze of splendor, "the glorious sun uppist," and the man sat down on a boulder of rock and wiped his face. He was becoming faint and hungry, so he unslung a wallet containing cold meat and bread and a bottle of ale, and proceeded to refresh himself. Afterward he took from his pocket a letter and a photograph; he read the letter, then took up the photograph and looked at it long and lovingly. It was the picture of a girl's face, sweet and spirited, with large, thoughtful eyes, which looked back into his own, and the lips were parted as if to speak.

"What would you say if you could see me now, Alice?" murmured the man. "You would hardly know me in this queer rig-out, and with blood marks all over me. And you are waiting, waiting for me there in the old country, to which I shall very likely never return. Will you ever know my fate, I wonder? Perhaps, after the war is over, a parcel of bones will be found one day out on the veldt, and they will piece me together and establish my identity; but you, my love, will never see me more."

He indulged in a few minutes of melancholy reverie, then rose and stumbled on, while the sun blazed down fiercer and hotter, and the old faintness began to steal over him. Suddenly his ears caught the far-off thud of horses' feet, galloping over the veldt, apparently coming in his direction, and in a moment he was standing on the alert, every sense strained to the uttermost.

Nearer and nearer came the sound and presently on the horizon's rim he could discern a troop of horsemen, their figures at first dimly defined, but become every moment clearer.

"Now, is it Britishers or Boers?" soliloquized the man; "friend or foe? Anyhow, if they have human blood in their veins, they won't leave me here to die like a dog. Stop a bit; suppose they don't see me, and wheel off in another dierction?"

He tied his pocket handkerchief to the end of his stick, and waved it to and fro. Soon an answering shout announced that his signal was seen.

The troop galloped on, the jingle of their accoutrements sounding far off in the still air, and the sunlight glancing off from their gun barrels. When within a few yards of the solitary traveler, they pulled up sharply, there was a hurried exclamation, and one of the troopers threw himself from his horse, and advanced with outstretched hand.

"Why, Hal, old man, what in the name of wonder are you doing here?"

"Why, Jack, whoever are you riding with?"

"Free Staters," said the trooper. "I have lived there five years, you know, and I am become one of them."

"And you are fighting against the old flag, Jack?" said Hal, mournfully. "How could you desert us?"

"I was commandeered, my boy. There was no alternative between serving with the Free State burghers or being shot."

"I'd rather be shot," said Hal, tersely.

Then he staggered and nearly fell, but the trooper, a stalwart figure, caught him, and, after forcing him to take some brandy, mounted him on his own horse, and walked beside, holding the bridle.

The leader of the troops, a grizzled old Boer, with at least half a dozoen English bullets embedded in his economy, looked round impatiently from time to time.

"We must be riding," he said in Dutch. "A runner has brought word from General Joubert that the English have abandoned Vryburg, and that we are to occupy it without delay."

"I cannot leave my friend, Mynheer Van Wyk. He is wounded and faint. If he is left out on the veldt he will die."

"Ja, ja," said the Boer; "stay and guard thy friend, though his countrymen are not likely to injure him. But we must on to Vryburg."

He dug his spurs deep into his horse's flanks and galloped off with his men, and in a few moments the whole troop had vanished from sight on the rolling veldt.

"Can you ride my horse, Hal? We must get out of this blaze and into the shelter of yonder kopje until the cool of the evening."

He held the wounded man on to his sorry-looking steed, which yet had done a good fifty miles that day, and leading him with the bridle, brought his convoy safely to the rocky shelter, where, having hobbled the horse, the two friends, so unexpectedly come together, sat on the ground and ate a scanty lunch from Jack's haversack, while they talked of their old friends in the home country. And meanwhile the heavens had darkened, an ominous stillness was in the air, and not a breath of wind fanned the mimosa and prickly pear branches.

"We are in for a storm, and the rain will stream into this place and soak us through. I am tough and can stand it, but it will be your death, Hal. You must mount again and we will make our way to that hut I can see in the distance."

Even as he spoke a vivid flash of lightning illuminated the heavens, and showed for a moment the rolling veldt, the rocks where they had taken shelter and even the distant and solitary hut, with startling distinctness. Jack lifted his friend again to the saddle, but before they had gone half the distance to the hut with a sudden rush and swish the rain came down in a pitiless cataract, drenching them both to the skin. The trooper mounted in front of his friend and urged his horse into the fast amble known to colonists as a "tripple.' When they came to the hut Jack dismounted and pushed open the rough door. Six natives were seated round a fire, smoking and drinking, indeed the drinking seemed to have been carried to a considerable extent, for one dusky form lay on the ground beside an empty rum bottle, while another swayed to and fro in an unsteady, spasmodic fashion.

"May we come in?" demanded the trooper, and, without waiting for an answer, turned to lift the wounded man from the saddle. But two of the natives started up, and, with violent gestures, forbade his entrance.

"No room here," said one, "much Caffre here. White man go further."

"I'll be hanged if I do," retorted Jack, hotly; "it isn't weather to turn a dog out, much less a wounded man. Look here, you beggars, either get up and make room for us, or——"

"Let's go on, Jack, for heaven's sake," implored his friend; "I couldn't stay ten minutes in that atmosphere. A single Caffre is enough to poison a square mile round, and with six of those gentlemen in that place. Out——"

Unwillingly Jack took the bridle, and through the ceaseless downpour they went on for another mile until they reached a small red brick farm house, belonging to a Boer farmer. The good man himself was away, having, like all the rest, been commandeered, but his fat frau took the two men in, though somewhat sulkily, set food before them, and allowed them to dry their drenched garments before the kitchen fire.

"You may stay here for the night," she said in her own tongue. "When morning comes you must away."

She made up the fire, went to bed and left them; and after Jack had stalled his horse and had given it a truss of hay, the two men were glad to sit by the fire dozing, and drinking sometimes from the bottle of schnapps which the housewife had left on the table. She allowed them to remain in the house until the next evening, being impelled to so much courtesy by a silent argument in the shape of a golden coin from Jack's purse. And when the delicious cool evening came on, they were not sorry to quit the dull house and the uncommunicative hausvrouw and her dirty children, for the fresh grass and sweet air of the veldt. The country had brightened magically after the storm, for there had been some weeks of hot, dry weather, and the earth was thirsty and in some places cracked with the heat. Their way lay past the hut where they had sought for shelter the night before, and there Jack pulled up.

"I have a curiosity to look on those surly beggars," he said. "They are probably all drunk by this time, sleeping the sleep of the unjust and the filthy. Ah, just as I thought," as he pushed open the door, "four prostrate, and the other two—great Scott; what have we here?"

He knelt down and turned up the faces of the Caffres to the light, one after another. Then with solemn, awestruck look, shut the door, and remounted his horse.

The horse, refreshed by a night's rest, went gayly over the soft, damp grass; the stars were beginning to come out, the shrill, persistent note of the grasshopper sounded on all sides, and the queer call of the kook-a-vic came from the clumps of trees they now and again passed. Hal, weak and weary, nodded in the saddle, propped against his friend's stalwart form. So under the light of the stars they wandered on. The night deepened, the stars grew brighter, and all was silent save for the sigh of the wind, and the eerie sounds that come to the ears in the night, telling that while the world sleeps, nature is busy at work freshening up this old world for the next day's sunshine.

Again the stars paled, and a red streak appeared in the east.

He roused himself and sat upright. "You never told me what had betaken the Caf-

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fres. They were drunk, of course?' '

Drunk? No—they were dead!"

"What? Impossible! How were they killed?"

"By the visitation of God, as our coroners' juries put it, Hal. The hut had been struck by lightning in the night, and every man jack of them killed."

"How awful!"

The friends had been conscious for some time of a roaring sound, which came from afar, and now it drew nearer every minute.

"Its a river," said Jack, "and most likely swollen by the rain. I hope to goodness we may find a ford."

"I can ride no further, Jack. Leave me here and ride on to Mafeking."

"What do you take me for, old fellow? A cannibal or a Hottentot '

"Neither," with a weary smile. "But if you ride on to Mafeking you can bring out a cart or something for me. I will wait here until you return."

"I can not bear to leave you, Hal."

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"But you must. I am quite spent."

"And you will not stir from here until I return?"

"No fear," said Hal, looking up with a faint smile; "I promise you that you will find me here." And as the other reluctantly turned to tighten the saddle girths, Hal said: "Jack, old boy, come here once more."

"Yes, old fellow

"I've a funny fancy," said the wounded man; "but you've never kissed me since we were little chaps running about together in pinafores. Kiss me once more, Jack, before I— before you leave me." And the bronzed and bearded man stooped and kissed him gently. Then he mounted once more, and turning to wave a farewell to his friends, touched his horse with the spur, and galloped off in the direction of the river.

The wounded man lay where his friend had placed him, in the shelter of a kopje and so long as the horse and rider were visible his eyes followed them.

Then his mind wandered off to other things. He took the photograph once more from his pocket and kissed it. His lips moved in inarticulate speech. He held the picture nearer, for his eyes were growing him. The desolate, far-stretching veldt, the solitary kopje, the roaring river were gone, and he was wandering in English lanes with a girl whom he had known all her life a girl, fair and sweet, and faithful.

Alice," he said, "it is pleasant to meet again. We will never part again, my love never more," and she turned to him with all her love shining out of her brown eyes and said, "Never more, Hal."

Then he dozed, but through all sounded the rushing of the river, and it seemed to him like the rushing of the water over the weir near his old home. But it was chilly, even for England. And how came it that he was lying on the grass by the weir? Then far away in the east, where the heaven was blood red, there came a sudden rift, and out from the rift an angel floated toward him, with the face of his love. "Alice," he murmured, "Alice, have you come for me?" Then he fell into his long sleep

The dawn came up, warm and bright, the tall tambookie grass waved in the moist and scented air, the songless birds awoke and uttered their shrill cries, and overhead a flight of blue cranes, screaming out their queer cracked note as they flew, looked down curiously at the motionless figure lying all alone on the veldt.

Out from Mafeking a little band of horsemen, riding in hot haste, found that they had come too late; and far away in England a girl, fair and rosy as the breaking day, waited, hoping and praying for a footstep that she would never hear again; while in the deserted house at Vryburg the canary lay dead in its cage.

◆

The Rocket Express

(Continued from page seven.)

Express is at your mercy from now on."

And with a bow of mock courtesy he stepped aside, and, without waste of time, Fincastle again got the lever in hand. Free from the menace of the revolver, De Lisle began to shovel coal into the fire-box.

Mainhall found a seat at one of the windows of the cab, and, still keeping the revolver in hand, took a cigar from his pocket, lighted it and began to puff at it much too vigorously for enjoyable smoking.

Fincastle and the secret agent watched him warily as the locomotive sped on through the night and rocked and pitched erratically as it burned the rails round the more and more frequent curves.

When Mainhall had hurriedly half consumed the cigar he shouted:

"See!"

As the two thers turned toward him, he threw the remainder of the cigar high in the air and they could see it sailing above them, its burning end glowing like a tiny star.

With a lightning-like movement he pointed the revolver at it and pulled trigger, and as the sharp pang of the weapon rang in their ears a shower of sparks above them told them that he had hit the mark.

"Now," Mainhall said coolly, "you gentlemen will never believe that I could not hit one of you if I should try or that you could shoot quicker than I if I had a gun anywhere round within a radius of a mile or so. Besides, as honorable men, you never could swear that I tried to shoot Mr. Fincastle a little while ago."

"This man may be crazy," thought De Lisle, "but there is certainly method in his madness."

Fincastle saw the lights of a small way station glowing invitingly in advance.

"We are at Modoc Valley," he said, "and I am going to stop and find out what I can."

Mainhall simply bowed. Fincastle learned that the line had been repaired in one place and had again been cut. He could not get a word from Falls City and could do nothing for his daughter. Down the line, in the direction in which they were going, everything was anarchy and mystery.

"I don't think I want any more of this under your guidance," he said to Mainhall. "We'll call it off!"

"All right," was Mainhall's staggering reply, as he thrust a roll of bills in Fincastle's hand. "There's your money I don't want it if I am not to give you value received. You've saved two thousand dollars, but you've lost the Rocket Express!

Further chapters of this thrilling story will appear in next week's Ledger. See our offer of free cameras and patterns on pages thirteen and fifteen.

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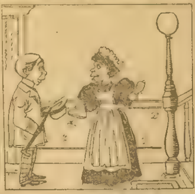
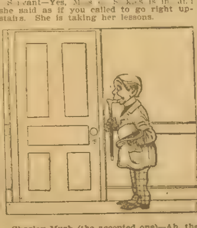
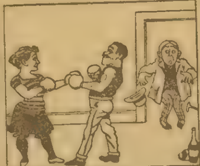


Servant—Yes, Miss de Sickles is in, and she said as if you called to go right upstairs. She is taking her lessons.



Charley Mush (the accepted one)—Ah, the deah cweature! She knows I want to be with her as much as possible. Some dainty needle-work lessons, I suppose. I can fancy her dainty, lily-white fingers at play with the silent threads. I will walk right in and surprise her.



Miss de Sickles—Ah, it is you, Charley? Just sit down. I will be through in a few moments. Now, professor, just give me that right-hand swing-and-shoulder jolt movement again.

◆

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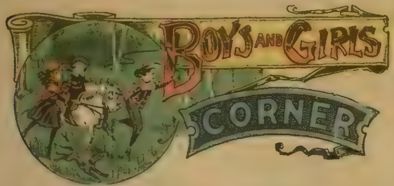

TRACING THE ROBBERS.

A Story of Dick Dart the Young Wall Street Detective---Twenty Million Dollars in Bonds the Prize.

By CAPTAIN RAVILL PINKERTON.

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Begun in No. 7, February 17. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER IX.

AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL.

Around a table in the apartment were seated Longback Phil, James Rockmore, and Tom Blossom, three of the bond robbers.

It was Blossom who had turned in his chair to unlock the door to admit Zyler and Dick Dart.

All three of the men looked at Dick in astonishment.

"Well, Barney, what brings you?" growled Longback Phil.

"I have news," cried Dick, imitating the ex-prize fighter's voice to perfection.

"I'll bet I can guess what it is," went on Phil Bloverton.

"Can you?"

Yes, that young detective has escaped."

The deuce! How did you guess it, [illegible]

Dick pretended to be thunderstruck.

This pleased both Longback Phil and Jim Rockmore, and both laughed heartily.

"Told you I could guess it, Barney."

"Maybe you've seen the young feller since then," queried Dick.

[illegible]

Oh

"And we've got him out of our way for good," added Rockmore.

"I'm glad to hear it. It takes a big weight off of my shoulders. I was afraid he might cause trouble, you know. That's the reason I came over as soon as I gave up hunting for him."

"How did he get away?" asked Longback Phil

"When I went down into the vault to take a look at him he was free of the rope, and had the shovel ready for me. He hit me a clip over the head, and then ran. I made after him, and we played tag in the yard, but he got away from me."

I see."

"How did you down him?"

"Met him on the ferryboat and did him for keeps," chuckled Longback Phil. "I would like to know who he was"

"So would I."

Dick pretended to be very much tired, and threw himself on a lounge.

"Don't mind me, boys," he said. "That crack on the head is aching yet. Besides, I'm all upset, thinking he would get the police to pull my place."

Take it easy, Barney," said Rockmore. "We know we can trust you. Here's some liquor if you want any."

And Rockmore shoved a bottle where Dick might reach it

The young detective took the bottle and pretended to down some of the fiery liquor it contained.

Then he smacked his lips and lay back on the lounge.

Making sure that they were not being watched by any detectives in the street, the four bond robbers began to talk over their plans.

"It's as easy as rolling over a log," said Rockmore. "I can get the schooner, and we can sail up to Boston in no time, and then hang around till the excitement is over."

"But what about getting rid of the bonds?" asked Zyler. "I don't know where to place my share and get cash."

"We'll soon find somebody to make the deal for us," laughed Tom Blossom.

"Sure," remarked Rockmore. "There are plenty of brokers who will put the deal through and ask no questions."

The men had a round of drinks and getting out some paper and pencils, began to do a lot of figuring.

Dick Dart pretended to go to sleep, but his ears were wide open to catch all that was said.

Strange as it may seem, not one of the men mentioned where the tin boxes with the bonds were concealed.

This was a keen disappointment to the young millionaire detective.

"When can you get the schooner?" asked Longback Phil.

"Tomorrow afternoon."

"What's her name?"

"The Sandow."

"Where can we get aboard?"

"Down at one of the Communipaw docks. I'll let you know the particulars later."

"Can you trust the captain?"

"Yes. I have him in my power. He wouldn't dare to squeal."

"Then that's settled."

Longback Phil got out his watch.

"Boys, what time do you think it is?"

"Don't know."

"Quarter to four."

"The dickens! It's time we got some sleep."

Well, there are beds enough in the ranch," remarked Jim Rockmore. "This was a boarding house, you know, when I bought it out for the gang's use."

"Barney is sleeping pretty sound," said Zyler, with a glance toward Dick Dart.

Guess he got scared and took a lot of whisky to brace him up," laughed Longback Phil.

"It was well for him that we downed that detective. We saved him from having his place pulled by the police."

It was Rockmore who spoke, and as he did so, he arose and stretched himself.

The others did likewise.

"We have done a good bit of work and deserve a rest," said Blossom. "I can tell you it was no fun driving that team at such a breakneck speed."

"And it was no fun guarding the wagon," added Zyler. "I reckon we all had our hands full."

"I lost the badge of the band from my coat," growled Longback Phil. "I believe that cashier yanked it off."

"I am afraid I lost a letter or two climbing down into the yard," said Rockmore. "If I did that is how that detective traced us to the White Rabbit."

"Yes, but what made him spot me at the elevated station?" queried Longback Phil.

This question was a poser.

No one could answer it.

"Shall we leave Barney lying where he is?" asked Zyler.

"Might as well," said Rockmore. "He looks comfortable there."

"How about somebody remaining on guard?" said Blossom.

"Hardly necessary," replied Longback Phil. "We'll all sleep with ear open, as the saying goes."

At that moment came a violent ringing at the door bell down stairs.

The bond robbers were startled and so, as a matter of fact, was Dick Dart.

Rockmore and Longback Phil hurried below.

"Who is it?" asked Rockmore, in a low tone.

"Barney Noyes; let me in at once," was the reply that staggered the listeners completely.

CHAPTER X.

ONE AGAINST FOUR.

"Barney Noyes!"

"Yes; let me in!"

Rockmore and Longback Phil looked at each other in alarm.

"This must be a game!"

"Yes, or else——"

"The fellow upstairs is a fraud!"

"Exactly!"

"If you are Barney Noyes, give the old password," cried Rockmore, quickly.

"Elevator."

"How high?"

"As high as the moon."

"It's Barney, sure enough," muttered Rockmore. "That man upstairs is a detective!"

"We must capture him."

The door was quickly opened and the keeper of the White Rabbit admitted.

"Barney, where have you been?" asked Rockmore.

"Don't say a word! I've just escaped from the police," panted the ex-prize fighter.

"How is that?"

"That detective got away and bound me up and locked me in the coal vault. The police got after me and raided the house, and I had the biggest job of my life to slip 'em."

(Continued on page fifteen.)

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THE WORST BOY OF ALL.

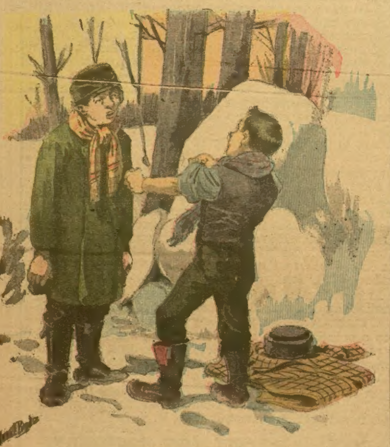
Jake Driscoll was the worst boy in Smithville. There was no doubt of that. Everybody said so, from the clergyman, who had tried for three years to get his attendance at Sunday school—and who, when he had succeeded, tried as hard to get him out because of the demoralizing effect upon the other boys—everybody, I say, from the clergyman to Miss Pink, who kept a notion store and regarded a call from Master Jake with the same pleasant anticipation that a stage driver has for a "hold up."

Whether cocoanut balls properly came under the head of notions or not I really do not know. Anyway, they constituted a part of Miss Pink's stock in trade. Like oysters, they had their "in" season and their "out." In the early days of the month they were soft and sticky and crumbled deliciously in the mouth. But as the mouth grew old the cocoanut balls were reduced to a state bordering on petrifaction and were much more suitable for use as marbles or missiles of war than as an article of diet.

But, soft or hard, they never palled on the palate of the ever hungry Jake. Now, Miss Pink, who was not good at "figgerin'," advertised these cocoanut balls at five cents the dozen, but Jake rarely possessed more than three cents at one time, and there was always a heated argument over the little counter as to the exact number of candies three pennies should purchase.

After exhaustive figuring upon a pad, Miss Pink would announce that the answer was seven. Master Jake invariably maintained that three-fifths of twelve was eight, and as Miss Pink was old and lame and found it hard to protect her property, the young rascal always got the better of the bargain.

The most general cause of complaint against Jake was his pugnacity. It was his constant boast that he could "lick any feller his size," and Jake was so anxious to prove this statement that he went around with his fist doubled up looking for fresh victims, till in all the town there was scarcely a boy who had not come in contact with his knuckles.



"Be yer goin to fight me."

There was one thing in Jake's favor:—Though he often fought a fellow much his superior in strength, and when so matched took his punishment like a man, he scorned to lay a finger on any one who lacked his inches.

In certain localities Jake would have been a hero, but in self-satisfied, sanctimonious Smithville young Driscoll was "a bad boy." It would have been different if Jake had known a mother or had even the memory of one, but she left the world the same day Jake came into it. Jake had a father, and as amiable and sweet mannered an old gentleman as ever shuffled about in carpet slippers and took an afternoon nap.

Professor Driscoll had made a great discovery—it was something to do with the hieroglyphics of ancient tombs—and with this discovery he lost all interest in the world, and it is to be doubted if he often remembered that he had a son. This would account for the fact that Jake's stockings always had holes in them and his poor shoes displayed great yawning chasms.

When Jake had been a very little boy this neglect of his apparel did not worry him, but when he was sent to school it was different. Smug faced little boys with nicely starched Fauntleroy collars and "slicked" hair poked fun at him and called him a "rag bag." It was this particular epithet that started Jake in to win for himself a reputation as the most quarrelsome boy in Smithville. It was noticeable, however, that it did not long remain the fashion to criticise his personal appearance.

Candy was not the only thing that Jake hungered for. His starved little soul yearned for love and affection.

He loved his father as much as that gentleman would let him, but great rows of crumbling tombs and Egyptian scrolls stood between Jake and the way to the Professor's heart.

Jake came home from school one afternoon to find his father listening with bewildered surprise to the wild story of an irate neighbor.

"I tell ye what it is, Perfesser," the angry woman was saying. "Ef that son o' yourn goes on givin' other boys black eyes and broken noses he'll land in jail as sure as I'm a settin' here. The way he did up my pore Tom is somethin' arful. He's a perfect sight. He won't be able to go to meetin' or Sunday school for a couple o' weeks."

When the lady had taken her departure the Professor called Jake into his study.

"Jake," he said, crossly, "I hear nothing but complaints about your fighting with other boys. Mrs. Glib tells me you gave her son an awful black eye, not to mention other bruises. Now, what do you mean by it?"

"Tom Glib was goin' by with a couple o' stuck up girls, an' he called out 'Rag bag!' an' the girls laughed, an' I blacked Tom's eye for him," explained Jake sullenly. "'Tain't my fault ef m' clos' ain't slick's some other folk's. And I'm not agoin' to let any one call me names," he added, gazing down at his poor boots.

A faint, pink tinge suffused the Professor's white, flabby cheeks.

"I can't have my researches—my life work, do you understand?—interfered with," said Professor Driscoll, peevishly, "and my train of thought interrupted, all on account of a lot of foolish, wicked schoolboy quarrels. Now, you may go, and don't let me hear of any more fighting."

"Yes'r," muttered Jake, his soul scorching with a sense of injustice and neglect. He wandered out into the village street, and, meeting Tom, he presented him with another black eye. Then he felt better.

Jake suddenly remembered that he had left his arithmetic in school, and so he went after it.

Within a few months he had developed into a most earnest student. Miss Watson, the new teacher, was the cause of it; she was a sweet faced young woman, a graduate of a woman's college, and a city bred girl, who found it hard enough to preserve order among her healthy, noisy class of country boys and girls, some of whom were a head taller than herself, and nearly as old in years.

But delicate and sensitive as she certainly was, she possessed lots of what Jake called "sand," and he fairly worshipped her.

When Jake entered the little schoolhouse he was surprised to see Miss Watson still sitting at her desk and her face buried in her hands.

He thought she might be asleep, but at the sound of his hobnailed boots she looked up quickly, and Jake saw that her eyes were red with weeping.

Now, Jake was well used to beholding eyes in all stages of discoloration—he himself being responsible for most of the rainbow tints—but at the sight of Miss Watson's tear stained face he felt a lump rise up in his throat. The teacher had learned to understand poor Jake, and she was kinder to him than any one had ever been in his short but turbulent career.

"What's troublin' yer, Miss Watson?" asked Jake, shyly. "Ain't there somethin' I kin do fer yer?"

"N-no, Jake, thank you," said Miss Watson, trying not to sob. "I'm afraid you are

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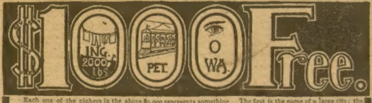
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going to need a new teacher soon," she added, in an unsteady voice.

"Has Gawky been troublin' you ag'in?" asked Jake.

For answer Miss Watson handed him a slate. On its scratched surface was rudely scrawled the following:

"Mis Watson—We fellers has decidded to hev a holiday to-morer. Ef you come to the school house to-morrer mornin you'll find us inside, but you don't come in! So you hed best not come at all!

"(Signed) GAWKY.

"Chairman of the Holiday Committee."

"The worst of it is, Jake," said Miss Watson, "I dare not get the constable or any of the town's folk to open up the school for me, because if I did that the School Committee would say I'm not strong enough to keep order or maintain any discipline, and I had better resign. But if I can't get some help what'll become of me? I can't lose my position," she went on, defiantly. "I've got an old mother dependent on me. I simply can't lose my position—do you hear, Jake? I can't!" The words ended in a moan, and Jake felt something grip him in the chest. His cheeks grew hot and his mittened hands doubled up all unconsciously.

"Miss Watson," said Jake, huskily, "don't you worrit yerself 'bout that note. I'll hev a little talk with 'Gawky' and I'll bet yer a—a cocoanut ball yer'll find the school open when you come down in the morning."

Miss Watson smiled feebly. "It's very good and sweet of you, Jake," she said, "to try and comfort me, but I am afraid nothing can be done!"

"I shall come here as usual, though," she added, her cheeks flushing, "and if 'Gawky' and his friends are cowardly enough to use violence—well, the sooner I find it out the better."

Then Miss Watson put on her hat, and, buttoning up her coat close about her—for the sun was low and the air biting—she led the way out of the little wooden building and locked the door after her. Till their ways diverged Jake trudged along beside his teacher. Neither spoke. Miss Watson was too sore at heart to talk, and as for Jake, he was busy with a plan to save his companions from defeat. "Gawky," the ringleader of the young rebels, was a great, tall, rawboned youth, who towered head and shoulders over Jake, and, moreover, he was as tough as a pine knot. Not one of his allies but whom Jake could subjugate with his sturdy fists, but the tall, lazy, stupid "Gawky" was a fit antagonist for a man. With a cheery good night to Miss Watson, Jake left her and started off down a narrow lane. "Gawky" did chores each afternoon for the Widow Brown, so Jake knew where he could find him. As Jake neared the widow's front gate the redoubtable "Gawky" came slouching across the yard and passed out into the lane. Jake followed him at a distance till they were well away from the town—"Gawky" lived a mile or so out—then the boy caught up with him.

"Hold on there," he cried. "I've got something to say to you!"

"Well, say on," was "Gawky's" laconic rejoinder, as he came to a halt.

"I heard as you was goin' to keep Miss Watson from opening school tomorrow. If you make her any such rumpus as that she's like to lose her place, and I call it a mean, low down game."

"Oh, yer do?" sneered "Gawky."

"An' what's more, I want you to promise honest Injun right now you won't do any sech mean trick!" went on Jake, warmly.

"An' what if I don't promise?" demanded "Gawky," with an ugly look.

"Then I guess you an' me'll hev to settle it 'nother way," retorted Jake, as he flung down his muffler and proceeded to peel off his outer coat.

"Be yer goin' to fight me?" gasped "Gawky," in astonishment.

"Looks like it," was the reply.

"Well, I don't like ter go knockin' 'bout a feller o' your size," drawled "Gawky," "but you've forced me to do it, so don't blame me ef you get done up."

"I ain't askin' any favors o' you, 'Gawky,'" cried Jake, his eyes shining with the light of a desperate courage and unflinching determination. Jake had once or twice felt the force of "Gawky's" sledge hammer blows, and practiced as he was in rough and tumble fights, he knew that he was pitted against overwhelming odds. But Miss Watson's pitiful, tear-stained face was still vivid in his memory and banished all thoughts of fear.

Like a great, clumsy bear "Gawky" came on. Then with a rush Jake flew at his adversary. Desperate and hopeless, the boy fought like a little demon, raining futile blows on "Gawky's" muscular chest. Presently Jake landed a stinging blow on the big fellow's jaw, and, angered by the pain, "Gawky" swept around with the full force of his right arm and gallant little Jake lay senseless on the snow covered ground.

"Sorry I done that," muttered "Gawky," as he knelt by the boy. "He's a gritty kid and no mistake."

The bracing air quickly brought Jake to his senses, and with a desperate effort he staggered to his feet.

"Come on, you big bully!" he cried, blubbering hysterically. "You—you hevn't licked me yet, an'—an' you're not a-goin' to—to keep Miss Watson from—from school, an'—an'——" But human nature could stand no more, and poor, bruised Jake flopped down upon the ground and sobbed out his bitter woe.

"Durn me, ef the kid don't make me feel like a blame fool, and—say, Jake," he added aloud, "quit yer blubberin'. It's no fault o' yourn yer didn't lick me. I won't make Miss Watson no trouble in the mornin'—cross m' heart, I won't."

* * * * *

Miss Watson called to see the professor the next evening after ten, and had a long talk with that gentleman in his study. The subject of the conversation was Jake. The professor thought at first it was another complaint, but instead she gave him the biggest scolding he had ever gotten in all his life. The gist of it was that if he paid less attention to dead languages and more to living boys he would be of much more use in the community. As she went

(Continued on page fifteen.)

THE DAY-DREAM

Of many a woman carries her into baby-land. In a dream she feels the touch of baby lips—the pressure of baby fingers. Then she wakes to the regret and heart-ache of the childless woman. Yet that dream may be made reality. In a great many instances women who do not bear children, or whose children are born so fragile that they quickly fade away, can be made happy mothers by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This great medicine for mothers has performed wonders for a great many women. It acts upon the organs of maternity, giving them great vigor and elasticity, so that the baby comes into the world practically without pain to the mother. Taken during the period of gestation, "Favorite Prescription" puts the mother into a condition of physical comfort which naturally results in mental quiet and confidence. It cures nervousness and nausea. It encourages a healthy appetite, and induces refreshing slumber. The hour of maternity comes on without any dread or shrinking, and the abundant strength and vitality of the mother ensures the birth of a healthy, happy child.

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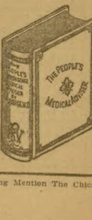

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Tracing the Robbers.

Continued From Page Twelve.

Barney Noyes spoke the truth.

He was covered with bruises and carried the mark of a pistol bullet across his left shoulder.

"Do you know, there is a fellow upstairs who pretends to be you," remarked Longback Phil.

"It must be that detective."

"Not much! We downed him for keeps on the river!"

"Don't be too sure. He is a wizard for getting out of a tight hole," growled Barney Noyes.

The talking downstairs had brought Zyler and Blossom down as far as the second landing.

Feeling that something was wrong, Dick Dart arose from the couch.

He followed the men out of the room.

"Who is down there?" cried Zyler.

"Hush!" warned Rockmore.

"Barney Noyes! Why, I thought——" began Blossom.

"Shut up, I tell you!" interrupted Rockmore.

At once the two men upstairs became silent.

But Dick Dart had heard enough.

He realized that the game of deception was at an end.

The real Barney Noyes was down stairs.

He felt for his pistol.

It was gone, having slipped from his pocket while he was lying on the couch.

He started back toward the room to regain the weapon.

"Hark! That fellow is moving up there!" cried Longback Phil.

"Sure! He wasn't asleep at all!"

"After him!"

"He must not escape alive!"

The four bond robbers came piling up the stairs after Dick Dart.

Each had his pistol drawn.

Barney Noyes came along after the crowd.

At the upper turn of the stairs each of the bond robbers leveled his weapon at Dick Dart.

"Stop, or we'll fire!" cried Rockmore.

Dick Dart did not stop.

He knew that capture would mean death.

He threw open the door of the room.

Crack! Crack!

Two of the bond robbers fired, but the bullets buried themselves in the woodwork beside the young millionaire detective's head.

Then Dick Dart disappeared into the apartment he had left but a moment before.

He caught up his pistol from the back of the lounge.

Then he banged shut the door and locked it.

For the moment he was safe.

But only for a moment.

"Kick down the door!"

Crash! Crash!

The door groaned as the men threw their weight against it.

Finally it came down with a rush, and the men piled into the room.

They looked around in amazement.

Dick Dart had disappeared.

But an open window indicated the course he had taken.

Rockmore ran to it, and was in time to behold the plucky young detective in the act of drawing himself up by the gutter to the roof of the house.

"He has gone up, boys! After him!"

"I'll watch the window," cried Zyler.

"The rest of you skip for the skylight!"

This plan was carried out instantly.

The skylight was in the rear, with a ladder leading to it.

Rockmore was the first man up the ladder.

The skylight had not been opened for years, and it was some time before the chief of the bond robbers could unfasten it.

At last the skylight was thrown back and Rockmore raised himself partly out upon the roof.

"Back, there!" came in a cold, hard tone. "Back, every one of you!"

The speaker was Dick Dart.

He stood partly concealed by a broad chimney.

In his hand he had his pistol, and the muzzle was pointed directly at Rockmore's head.

Dick Dart was at bay.

There was no escape from the roof, and he stood there ready to defend his life against the villains who were thirsting for his blood.

Another interesting installment of this dramatic story will appear next week. Prospective subscribers will find our splendid premium offers on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Do You Suffer With Catarrh?

Every reader of this paper is entitled a free trial package of Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure. See their free offer on page three.

The Worst Boy of All.

(Continued from page fourteen.)

out she found Jake seated in a big arm chair and nursing his sore head.

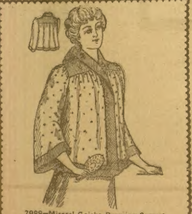
"My little knight errant," she murmured, with a little catch in her voice, as she stooped down and kissed him. "That's a pretty name," cried Jake. "Does it mean suthin' nice?"

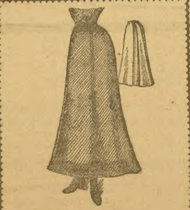
"It means all that is noble and true, Jake dear," said Miss Watson.

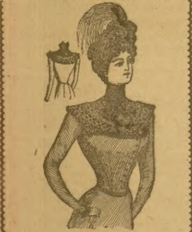
BEAUTIFUL PATTERNS FREE.

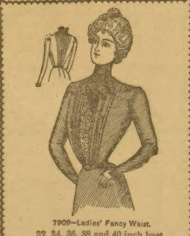
An Unparalleled Offer.

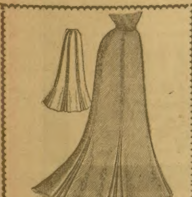
The patterns shown below are furnished us by one of the best, if not the best, pattern manufacturers in New York. They comprise the very latest styles, and are unequalled for accuracy in fit, simplicity in use, and are most economical of material. They sell from the stores from twenty-five to fifty cents each. Full instructions are printed on every pattern. Three months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 25 cents and any TWO of these patterns FREE. Six months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 50 cents and FIVE of these patterns FREE. This offer is without an equal. If you are wise you will take advantage of it at once. Give the numbers of the patterns and bust measure desired. Enclose money and address. PATTERN DEPARTMENT, CHICAGO LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILL.

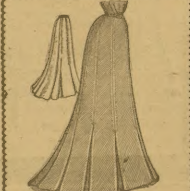

7888—Misses' Geisha Dressing Sacque.
12, 14 and 16 years.


7912—Ladies' Rainy Day Skirt, with Box Plait in Back.
22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 inch waist.


7914—Ladies' Basque.
32, 34, 36, 38, 40 inch bust.


7909—Ladies' Fancy Waist.
32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust.


7908—Ladies' Seven Gored Plaited Skirt.
22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist.


7924—Ladies' Box Plaited Skirt.
22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist.

GIVES STRENGTH AND VIGOR

30 Days' Trial

The marvelous power exerted by my Electric Belt and Appliances, induces me to offer it to suffering men on 30 Days' Trial, so certain am I that it will cure and that you will gladly pay for the use of it. To men who have battered their stomachs with drugs I want them to exercise their judgment and consider that Electricity is the greatest power on earth. Its unseen current puts life and force into whatever it touches. The constant, steady life extended by my New Electric Appliances gives instant relief and never fails to cure Rheumatism, Backache, Kidney Troubles, Early Decay, Night Losses, Lack of Nerve Force and Vigor, Nervous Debility, Varicocele, Undevelopment and Lost Vitality. You may not have faith in it now but

WEAR IT FOR 30 DAYS

and you will then realize why I have such confidence in it as to send it to you ON TRIAL. Write to-day for illustrated Pamphlet with references and signed testimonials. Sent free in plain sealed envelope.

PROF. A CHRYSTAL, Inventor,
780 Postoffice Block, Marshall, Mich

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. B 2, Lebanon, Ohio.

When Writing Mention the Chicago Ledger.

Get Married 8,000 LADIES are VERY ANXIOUS TO MARRY. Many very beautiful and wealthy. Send 2 cents for big list with full description and residence. Satisfaction guaranteed. UNION CORRESPONDING CLUB, Box 618, AUSTIN, ILLS.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BABY CARRIAGES Shipped C.O.D. to anyone.
Combination Go-Carts
Direct from factory at lowest wholesale prices. Dealers large profits saved. No money in advance.
$18 Carriage, $9.00 | $5.00 Carriage......$2.00
$12 " $6.00 | GO-CARTS from $2.00 up.
Send for free illustrated catalog and special offer
CASH BUYERS' UNION,
164 West Van Buren St., B-25, Chicago, Ills.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE

ANY ONE CAN EASILY EARN A WATCH-CHAIN AND CHARM—LADIES' OR GENTS' STYLE—GOLD PLATED, NICKEL OR SILVER WATCH, (not a big clock called a watch), CHAIN BRACELET with lock and key, 56 PIECE TEA SET (full size for family use), GOLD FINISHED INITIAL RING. We mean every word we say. To quickly introduce our house and goods we will give away thousands of the above presents ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send us your name and address (no money), and we will mail you, postpaid 12 beautiful stamped DOILIES, different designs, with 15 exquisitely perfumed love charms. Sell the Doilies at 10c. each and give one charm free with each. When sold send us the $1.50 and we will at once send you for selling 15, one Watch-Chain and Charm and a Ring with any letter you wish, together with our offer of a 56 piece Tea Set, etc. PARIS ART CO., F. 9, MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$2000 IN GOLD FREE

AAAADDEFGGIIIIILNNOORR

HISTORY PUZZLE We will give $2000.00 in gold to anyone who will arrange the twenty-one (21) letters printed above into the names of three well known states of the United States. This is an instructive and interesting problem of history. One of these three states was settled by the Spanish in 1565, first became a territory March 3, 1822, and then a state March 3, 1845. Another of these three states was settled by the French, 1720, became a territory May 7, 1800, and a state Dec. 11, 1816. The other one of these three states was settled by the English in 1733, and was one of the original states. Each one of these three states have the same number of letters in it, and each also ends with the letter "A." Remember we do not want one cent of your money. There is only one condition which will take less than one hour of your time, and that is that you shall sell eight subscriptions at twenty-five cents each to one of the oldest and best known Boston magazines which has been established over twenty-two years. Your friends will thank you as they will each save twenty-five cents by trading with you. In making the three names the letters can only be used as many times as they appear. After you have found the three correct names, you will have used every letter in the twenty-one exactly as many times as it appears. The money will be paid March 20, 1900. Should more than one person succeed in finding the three correct names the money will be equally divided. We make this liberal offer in order to introduce one of the most charming and interesting family magazines fully illustrated with art colored covers into every family and home where it is now unknown. Try and win! If you will make the three correct names and send them to us at once, who knows but that you will win the prize? Anyway we do not want any money from you and a contest like this is very interesting. As soon as we receive your solution, if it is correct, we will mail you at once the eight coupons. You will know your solution is correct if you receive the coupons. We sincerely hope you will as we shall surely give the $2000.00 away anyway. Do not delay. Write at once.

RIGLEY PUBLISHING CO., Cor. Oliver and Purchase Streets, Boston, Mass.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

YOU HAVE BEEN PAYING TOO MUCH.

Buy direct from the manufacturer and save more than half. Good Leather Spring Truss 65c for single, $1.25 for double. All kinds of steel spring, wire spring, hard rubber and elastic trusses. Our illustrated catalogue shows 30 different kinds of Trusses and Abdominal Supporters. We send it FREE. Customers in every part of U. S. Established 20 years. Get our low prices on Elastic Stockings.

65 CENTS. $1.25

HENRY SCHROEDER, 470-471 Milwaukee Ave., CHICAGO.

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SILVERWARE 48 PIECES FREE

This handsome and valuable Silverware will be given free to every person who will help us to quickly advertise Howard's Vegetable Pills, a sure and safe cure for Constipation, Indigestion and Torpid Liver. We have contracted with a leading silverware Co. for large quantity of these goods and give them away to introduce our pills. You can take advantage of this offer. Write today and we will send you six boxes of our pills postpaid. Sell them at 25c. each and remit us $1.50 and we will send you at once 12 tea spoons together with our offer of 12 forks, 12 knives and 12 table spoons same day money is received. The silverware is made with latest pattern and fully warranted to wear for years. HOWARD DRUG CO., 41 Dearborn St., CHICAGO

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

100 Popular Songs Only 10c

Old Cabin Home.
Old Black Joe.
Home Sweet Home
Larboard Watch.
Killarney.
Emmets Lullaby.
Tara's Halls.
Shamus O'Brien.
Poor Old Slave.
Model Love Letter.
Come Back to Erin.
Old Folks at Home.
Cottage by the Sea.
Faded Coat of Blue.
Her Bright Smile.
Gypseys Warning.
I'll Remember You.
Driven from Home.
Little Sweetheart.
Old Oaken Bucket.
Sadie Ray.
Ben Bolt.
Hail Columbia.
Nobodys Darling.
Maid of Athens.
Sad Sea Waves.
Evangeline.
Boy Lost.
Slavery Days.
Stump Speech.
I am Waiting.
Kiss Me Mother.
The Bridge.
Baby Mine.
Two Orphans.
Kitty Wells.
Sheridan's Ride.
Rose of Tralee.
Mollie Darling.
Nellie Gray.
See that My Grave's Kept Green.
Write Me a Letter from Home.
Marching through Georgia.
I'll be all Smiles To-night
Listen to the Mocking Bird.
The Corn is Waving, Annie.
Wife's Commandments.
Husband's Commandments.
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep
When You and I were Young, Maggie.
We Parted By the River Side.
Sweet Spirit Hear My Prayer.
Take this Letter to my Mother.
Silver Threads among the Gold.
Carry me Back to Virginny.
Amber Tresses tied with Blue.
I Dreamt in Marble Halls.
Old Kentucky Home.
I cannot call her Mother.
Would I were with Thee.
Daisy Deane.
Grandfathers Clock.
Oh dat Watermelon.
Comin' thro' the Rye.
Fisherman's Daughter.
Bonnie Sweet Bessie.
Red, White and Blue.
Come Home Father.
The Vacant Chair.
Gathering Shells.
Whisper Softly.
The Old Home.
Old Arm Chair.
Old Kentucky Home.
I've no Mother now.
Cumberland's Crew.
Ring the Bell Softly.
Little Faded Flower.
Rules for Rummers.
Heart Bowed Down.
Paddy Land.
You'll Remember Me.
Kathleen Mavourneen.
Star Spangled Banner.
Little Ones at Home.
Take Back the Heart.
My Country 'tis of Thee.
The Sweet Bye and Bye.
Wearing of the Green.
Last Rose of Summer.
Little Old Log Cabin.
Widow in the Cottage.
Sword of Bunker Hill.
Gray Hairs of Mother.
Tell Kitty I'm Coming.
Touch the Harp gently.
The Girl I left behind.
When the Swallows fly.
Old Man's Drunk again.
Take Me back Home.

We will send the entire list as above and our HANDSOME PICTURE CATALOGUE, post paid, for only ten cents. Stamps taken. HOME ART PICTURE CO., Dept. 201, 134 Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES.

ODE TO A GRASSHOPPER.

O little grasshopper, tell me, I pray,
Tell of the home where your relatives stay.
Try not to leave me, I'm holding you tight;
Speak, or you'll not see your lady tonight.
Oft I've admired your hopper that's made
Like a small pocket knife with a saw-blade.
Odd little fellow, so funny to see,
Tell me your story before you are free.
Tell of the fields where you hop all the day;
Tell how the farmer boy works in the hay.
Where do you go when the rain from the sky
Pours, and you wish that the weather were dry?

What! will you not answer? I'm squeezing too tight.
Your breath—are you choking? I'll lessen your flight;
I'll ease-up a bit, to this hopper I'll hold.
Don't pull so! Don't jerk so! Oh, reckless and bold,
You've wrenched off your hopper—I sought not your life—
And left in my fingers this saw-bladed knife.

FRANK HONEYWELL.

The Compass Plant.

The "compass plant" of the great prairies grows to a height of from three feet to five feet. The leaves, which grow out from the stem, are from one feet to two feet long, and stand straight out, pointing north and south. Their position is verticle—that is to say, one side of the leaf faces east and the other west, instead of having one side toward the sky and the other to the ground. When this was first noticed by botanists and other scientists it was thought that there might be a large quantity of iron in the leaves, which caused them to act like magnets, or that the resin, of which they had so much, caused them to be affected by electrical currents in the earth. But it is now known that the real cause of the position they assume is the action of light. Unlike nearly all other plants, the compass plant has leaves which are equally sensitive to light, and have an equal number of breathing pores on either side. The leaves are therefore benefited by being exposed to the sunlight as much on one side as on the other, and the only position in which this is possible is that which they take up, for if they grew horizontally, or vertically with one face to the south and one to the north, only one side would be exposed to the sun. It has been found by experiment that if the compass plant is grown in a box and after a time this is turned half round, the radicle leaves will struggle to get back to their old position. Hunters on the prairies called it from this habit, so constant and so useful to them, the compass plant.

Upside Down.

There is a boy, an inmate of the Massachusetts home for children, whose eyesight has been twisted so that he sees things upside down and wrong end foremost. While writing he without knowing it reverses his letters so that they appear upon his slate as ordinary handwriting would be reflected by a mirror. He commences to write a sentence in the bottom right-hand corner, and writes from right to left.

When first admitted to the training school he was unable to write, but, when placed in the class and a copy book set before him, he seemed to understand exactly what was expected of him, and began to work. The schoolmistress was surprised when she saw the letters he had formed on the paper—they resembled nothing to her at first.

Time after time she tried to teach him to begin at the top left-hand side of the paper, but he always started from the right. When the boy had learned to form his letters properly the situation dawned upon the amazed teacher. What she imagined was simply awkwardness and simplemindedness was really the result of the boy seeing things upside down.

Queer Advertisements.

I have been collecting queer advertisements from the different papers. Here are a few specimens:

"Wanted—An organist and a boy to blow the same."

"Bulldog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children."

"Wanted—A boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter."

"Widow in comfortable circumstances wishes to marry two sons."

"A lady wants to sell her piano as she is going abroad in a strong iron frame."

Wanted—By a respectable girl, her passage to New York; willing to take care of children and a good sailor."

"Lost—Near Highgate archway, an umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a bent rib and bone handle."

"Mr. Brown, furrier, begs to announce that he will make up gowns, capes, etc., for ladies out of their own skin."

They Were Nice Pills.

"Mister," said the small boy to the druggist, "give me another box of them pills you sold father the day before yesterday."

"Are they doing him good?" asked the chemist, looking pleased.

"I d'no whether they're doin' father any good or not, but they're good for me. They just fit my new air gun."

Got the Money.

United States Senator John C. Spooner, of Wisconsin, has ideas of domestic discipline as well as foreign relations. Several years ago his young son, aged 6, importuned him for money, after the manner of small boys.

"What do you want to do with it?" asked his father.

"Oh nothing," responded the boy, indefinitely.

"You have plenty of spending money and I buy everything you need or ought to want. Unless there is some special reason, I can't let you have it. There isn't any reason, is there?"

"Not exactly, but I want it. You know how it is, papa; you were a little boy once."

This appeal failed to move the senator's heart, and a silence followed that lasted an hour or more. During this time the father read and the son thought. At length he said:

"Papa."

"Yes, my son."

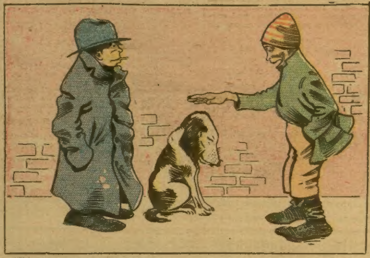
"Suppose I was to meet a highwayman on a lonely street late at night."

"Yes, my son."

"And suppose he should pull out a pistol and say, 'Little boy! Your money or your life!' What could I do?"

Ten minutes later the senator's son was whistling to his chum outside his chum's window, with a new silver half dollar in his pocket.

THE PUP'S REVENGE.



"Why is the pup so quiet, Mickey?"

"Why, he's swallyed four sticks o' dynamite, an' he's waitin' here for de cop what kicked him yist'day t' come an' kick him agin!"

Stop Eating!

YOU will surely get thinner and thinner, until at last you are starved to death.

Stop feeding your hair and it will starve. Then it falls out, turns gray, keeps short and rough.

Feed it with Ayer's Hair Vigor and it can't keep from growing. It stops falling out, too; and becomes soft and glossy.

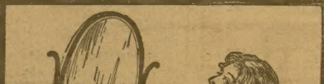
Always Restores Color to Gray Hair

"A year ago my hair was coming out very fast. I bought a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor to stop this. It not only stopped the falling of my hair, but made it grow very rapidly, until now it is 45 inches in length and very thick."

Mrs. A. Boydston,
Atchison, Kan.
July 25, 1899.

Write the Doctor

If you do not obtain all the benefits you desire from the use of the Vigor, write the Doctor about it. He will tell you just the right thing to do, and will send you his book on the Hair and Scalp if you request it. Address,
Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.



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